

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



The finest Shrimps are...

Young's POTTED SHRIMPS



BY APPOINTMENT TOILET SOAP MAKERS



TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

Bronnley
FINE SOAPS

WETHERALL

bond st sportsclothes

TRADE MARK
"FOURway"
BREATHLESSLY SMART
CLEVERCHANGE
BELTED/UNBELTED
topcoats"

HANDTAILORED SADDLESTITCHED "racin plaid"

DOUBLE SIDED "doeskin + cashmere"

THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE CASHMERE PURE WOOL

WETHERALL HOUSE, BOND STREET, W.1

EL TROVADOR
JAMAICAN CIGARS



=ABDULLA = MAKE THE BEST VIRGINIA CIGARETTES * *



BY APPOINTMENT

CEREBOS LIMITED, TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

Cerebos

Salt of crystal purity

Ready-to-wear Coats, Suits and Dresses at the

Jacqmar Retail shop

16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1

Tel: Mayfair 6111

We are open every Saturday morning



THE WELL BALANCED
LIQUEUR

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
Sole Importers
W. Glendenning & Sons Ltd.
Newcastle upon Tyne 6

In four convenient forms:

VAPEX MEDICATED RUB

VAPEX

TRADE MARK

CLEARS COLDS
QUICKLY

VAPEX INHALER

VAPEX PASTILLES

VAPEX INHALANT

for handkerchief and pillow

From your chemist

VIA

to carry with you
and use at bedtime

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE
COMPANY Ltd.

BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



*when
the clans
gather*

its

Grants

STAND FAST WHISKY



Oft touched by human hand



IN DAYS GONE BY, when disease could sweep unchecked through the land, foodstuffs were passed from hand to hand, exposed both to the elements and to passing dogs and flies. Now those 'good old days' are gone. Thanks to modern packaging and the use of brand names, our food is protected to a degree unknown to our ancestors. Vital indeed is the part that packaging has to play in the nation's economy. That is why the demand for "Thames Board" and "Fiberite" Cases is increasing. That is why Thames Board Mills are thinking ahead, planning new ways of increasing production. Already they produce over

half the cardboard made in Britain. The new £9,000,000 extensions at Warrington, part of which is already in operation, confirm Thames Board Mills' leadership in this vital industry.



THAMES BOARD MILLS LIMITED

Purfleet, Essex and Warrington, Lancs.



THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BOARD AND PACKING CASES IN BRITAIN

"THAMES BOARD" for cartons, boxes, bookbinding, etc.
"FIBERITE" Packing Cases in solid and corrugated fibreboard.

TB 14-2027

WORKERS IN THE TEAM Number 9 in a series

DOC ORAM has the eyes of a hawk and the firmness of a sergeant-major. He is a checker. Many millions of tons of materials and quantities of valuable stores have come under his inspection since he joined the Company fifteen years ago.

He checks every delivery to his site for quantity and quality, and sees that it is unloaded at the right place. He keeps deliveries flowing in at the rate required for the job—often thousands of tons a day, with lorries passing over the weighbridge at a rate of one every 23 seconds. Long practice has taught him to judge at the same time whether aggregates are correctly graded, sand clean and sharp. If in doubt, he will call on the site laboratory for scientific tests. Every single item is checked and



carefully compared with specification. His signature on a delivery note means that the goods are, without question, up to standard.

Doc is one of a big team of checkers—men of quick observation, experience and integrity—who control deliveries to sites. They are the eyes and ears of a system evolved by the Company to ensure that all its clients receive true value in everything that goes into the work.



JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED
Building and Civil Engineering Contractors
GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA, RHODESIA



THE TWO BATHERS by Z. Ruszkowski

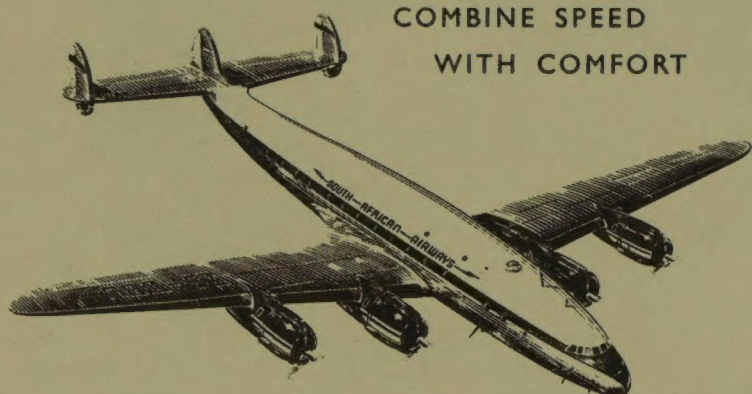
No. 6 in a series of advertisements showing the work of contemporary artists.

A BIG NAME IN THE CHEMICAL WORLD
Brotherton

One of the world's largest manufacturers of hydrosulphites, liquid sulphur dioxide and hexamine. Makers of an extensive range of Metachrome dyes for dyeing wool in all its forms.
Brotherton & Co. Ltd., City Chambers, Leeds, 1. Telephone: Leeds 2-9321
Telegrams: "Brotherton, Leeds"



FLY 'SPRINGBOK' TO South Africa



COMBINE SPEED
WITH COMFORT

Regular Standard and Tourist
services between London and Johannesburg
by four-engined pressurized
Constellation airliners

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

(IN ASSOCIATION WITH B.O.A.C.)

Consult your Travel Agent, B.O.A.C., or South African Airways, South
Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. (Whitehall 4488)

It's Grant's!

Welcome Always - Keep it Handy

Grant's
MORELLA

CHERRY BRANDY

TIME HAS PROVED - THE CONNOISSEUR ASKS FOR GRANT'S

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69 REGISTERED
Sanderson & Son Ltd.
DISTILLERS.
LEITH, SCOTLAND

BY APPOINTMENT TO SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS THE LATE KING EDWARD

WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., QUALITY ST., LEITH. London Office: 63 PALL MALL, S.W.1



“Let not England forget her precedence
of teaching nations how to live.”

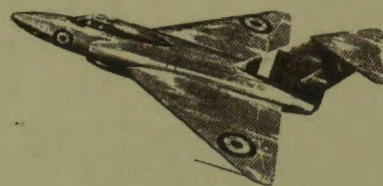
JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674

Amber ale rises to a creamy head as the tide of conversation flows freely beyond the bar. Robert Saunders is the landlord here. People visit his pub for more than beer and tobacco. They come to shed their workaday selves in a game of darts, they look for freedom to expound their views in the cheerful give and take of discussion. You may argue how you like as the talk wanders over the common ground of man's situation—you just wouldn't be allowed to argue at all if Britain lost her freedom.

Freedom to say what you think and security to enjoy the peaceful pleasures of life is a privilege. It has to be paid for. It demands the best in men and the best of machines and material. That is how the Hawker Siddeley Group of Companies pillars the strength of Britain. Hawker, A. V. Roe, Gloster, Armstrong Whitworth, Armstrong Siddeley, Avro Canada...

every company in the Group is dedicated to the defence of freedom. It is the efficiency of their aircraft and aero engines that makes security a reality.

For instance, the excellence of the Gloster Javelin. Complex radar enables the heavily armed Javelin to fight day and night in any weather. It can climb over 50,000 ft. in a few minutes. Powered by twin Armstrong Siddeley Sapphires the Javelin is the RAF's forward defence against high speed, high level atomic attack. In addition to super-priority production orders for the RAF a large American off-shore dollar order has recently been placed for Javelins. Production is ahead of schedule.



Hawker Siddeley Group

18 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1

PIONEER . . . AND WORLD LEADER IN AVIATION

A. V. ROE • GLOSTER • ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH • HAWKER • AVRO CANADA • ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY
HAWKSLEY • BROCKWORTH ENGINEERING • AIR SERVICE TRAINING • HIGH DUTY ALLOYS

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the British Dominions and Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1954.



AFTER THE DISASTER AT CHATHAM WHICH RESULTED IN FOUR DEATHS: THE DRY-DOCK FROM WHICH THE SUBMARINE TALENT WAS SWEEPED WHEN THE CAISSON (FOREGROUND) COLLAPSED, CAUSING A VIOLENT INRUSH OF WATER.

An unprecedented and tragic accident, resulting in the loss of four lives, occurred at Chatham Dockyard on December 15 when the submarine *Talent* (1090 tons) was swept out of No. 3 Dock after a caisson had collapsed, causing a violent inrush of water carrying her to the opposite side of the River Medway, where she stuck on the mud. After some difficulty, she was refloated by salvage vessels but, while being towed to the dockyard basin, a section of her bow, 25 ft. long,

dropped off. At the time of the accident H.M.S. *Talent* was refitting, and all the men on board were civilians, of whom thirty-one were rescued as they clung to the deck. The 400-ton caisson, acting as the dock gate, was hurled 330 ft. to the far end of the dry-dock by a huge wave of water, and the submarine was caught in the backwash and swept like a cork out to the river. A full investigation into the cause of the disaster has been ordered by the Admiralty.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NOTHING could be more startling to anyone studying the mediæval history of this or any other Christian land than the contrast between our own fundamental philosophy and that of our ancestors. The difference in our ways of living seem to me comparatively trifling beside it. They wore brightly-coloured clothes instead of drab, rode one another down with horses instead of motor-cars, lived mostly in tiny huts of mud and wattle instead of in tiny flats of concrete and chromium, stank of stale sweat instead of stale tobacco, and suffered from periodic visitations of bubonic plague and typhus instead of from periodic aerial blitzes. Yet in all the most important material aspects of life they lived much as we do, were born and died as we, saw and heard as we, made love and bore children as we, suffered and mourned and rejoiced as we. But for one supreme difference the world that a great photographic genius like Chaucer presents in his pages is a world of men and women made of precisely the same stuff as ourselves, though dressed in different clothes and acting different parts. Yet that all-essential difference, their underlying philosophy, remains to divide them from us and us from them. Set down together, we in the fourteenth century or they in the twentieth, we should immediately recognise our human kinship and identity and soon be able to explain to one another our technological conveniences and appurtenances. But we should each of us be completely bewildered by one another's way of looking at fundamentals. We should regard our ancestors as being obsessed with the non-existent and imaginary. And they would regard us as being without any interest or awareness of the one thing that made life to them more than a transient, uncertain and perilous sojourn in a vale of death. For they were Christians and we, by and large, though with many surviving Christian traits, habits and preferences, are agnostics. They believed in a spiritual world after death and an all-pervading spiritual Being dominating life and themselves, and we believe only in ourselves and our transient terrestrial existence. They were for ever thinking about the beginning and end of life; we seem only concerned with the period between these two events. They thought of time in relation to eternity; we are interested only in time. Our book of life is the "Daily Hot News and Gossip"; theirs the Bible.

Yet once a year at Christmas we come a little closer to our forbears and almost for a moment feel and think as they. That is why Christmas, even in the secular commercialised, twentieth century, has a faintly mediæval flavour about it. It is a long cry now from the day when the great Middle Age of Faith was ending, when Martin Luther—in so many ways the unconscious architect of its end—wrote his simple, beautiful carol:

"Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh."

And, as the intervening centuries have passed, the memory of that climate has grown progressively more remote—the inn by the roadside in the wintry snow, in a land half-eastern, half-English or French or German or Spanish or Italian, the shepherds watching their flocks in the near-by fields, the angel choir on the midnight air, the babe and watching mother in the lowly manger and the Orient kings kneeling in the straw. Yet it has never wholly been obliterated from the European mind, and each generation has recurred to it as the season of remembrance comes round and has thought and written of it in its own way. So a hundred and fifty years ago Charles Lamb wrote of the Christmasses of his schooldays:

"Let me have leave to remember... the festivities at Christmas, when the richest of us would club our stock to have a gaudy day, sitting round the fire, replenished to the height with logs; and the penniless, and he that could contribute nothing, partook in all the mirth and in some of the substantialities of the feasting; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have so often lain awake from seven (the hour of going to bed) till ten, when it was sung by the older boys and monitors, and have listened to it, in their rude chanting, till I have been transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song of which was sung at that season by angels' voices to the shepherds."

And nearly a hundred years later the Victorian novelist, Thomas Hardy—who had been born into the old pastoral England just before the railways came to it and lived to see its disintegration in the age of the motor-car and aeroplane—wrote of his childhood's lost faith:

"Christmas Eve and twelve of the clock!
'Now they are all on their knees,'
An elder said as we sat in a flock,
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there,
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few could weave,
In these years! yet I feel
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
'Come! see the oxen kneel.'

In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so."*

Even a writer still living, the last of the great classical poets, Walter de la Mare, has written of Christmas as a season of "bells and firelight and candles and children, waits and the deep bassoon, and the bare English fields and woodlands, hooded with snow, night at the window, Sirius up aloft, and the fires of the frost smouldering under the moon"—a conception much closer to the age of belief than the commercialised pagan feast so brilliantly advertised in our principal shopping streets.

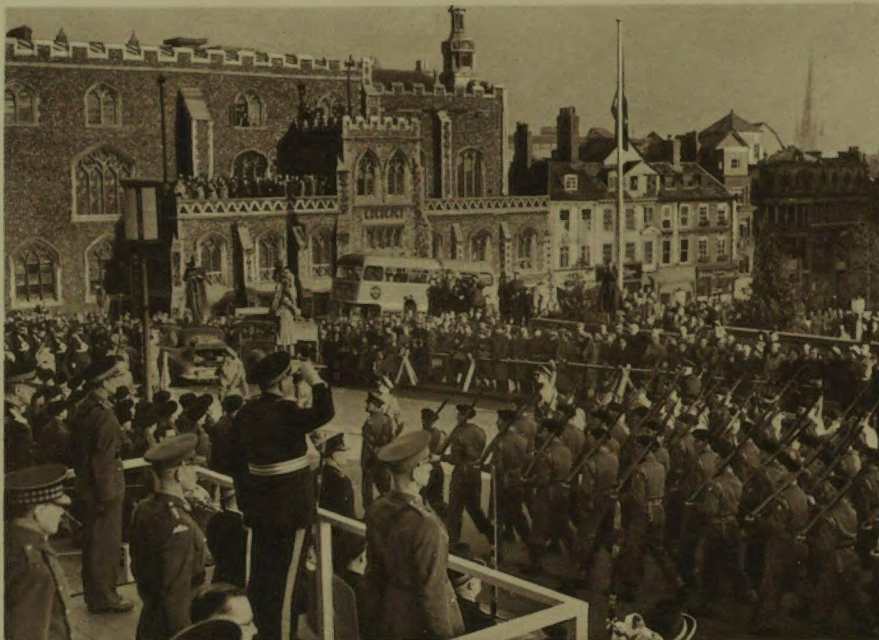
"Hoping it might be so!" There lies the nostalgia at the back of our restless, time- and space-obsessed twentieth-century minds. We have lost the road to Bethlehem, but for a few days in the year we remember there once was such a road and try to imagine, or to make our children imagine, that we are still travelling it. And we try to be a little kinder to kith and kin, friends and neighbours, and even for an hour or two to perfect strangers, in memory of a Being whose life on earth was so full of love and devotion that its impact spread throughout the entire world and endured, and in many hearts still endures, after hundreds and hundreds of years. For here lies the startling reality that is the message of Christmas: that the gentle, heroic and compassionate Being who made

this profound and vivid impression on His fellow-men, was born into the world of history and affected it with an impact like that of an atomic bomb. Jesus of Nazareth was not a myth, nor were His unique and wonderful life and His unique and wonderful character and teaching. They happened! It was the realisation that they had actually happened on earth, and in an eternal sense were happening again at that very hour, that made our mediæval ancestors' Christmas carols so deeply moving: they were wild with excitement about this tremendous event, while we are only excited about test-matches, or wars, or sensational murders:

"Make we merry on this fest
In quo Christus natus est,
Born and suffered on the tree
Pro peccante homine!"

And seeing what our ancestors believed, it was something indeed to excite them: that in a world of universal and inevitable death and physical decay, moral failure and pitiful betrayal by man through his own frailty of all his highest ideals, God had suddenly revealed Himself and His mercy and all-redeeming love in the birth of a Being, "that holy thing," whose divine self-conquest and sacrifice were to overcome death, not for Himself alone but for all who, receiving the tidings, should believe in Him and His love. If we really believed that, as our mediæval ancestors believed it, we should run out into the streets shouting with excitement and joy and seizing the hands of passers-by, rather as Scrooge ran out after the vision vouchsafed him on the night of Christmas Eve. Being only men and imprisoned in the flesh, we should soon, of course, forget our first overwhelming joy, just as our mediæval ancestors forgot it, and fall again to our usual courses of pettiness, self-seeking and frailty. But we should have had our vision—the vision of a divine and eternal truth—and should have been touched by it into a momentary nobility and goodness. "And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother and fell down and worshipped him!"

* "Collected Poems"; Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan and Co. Ltd.)



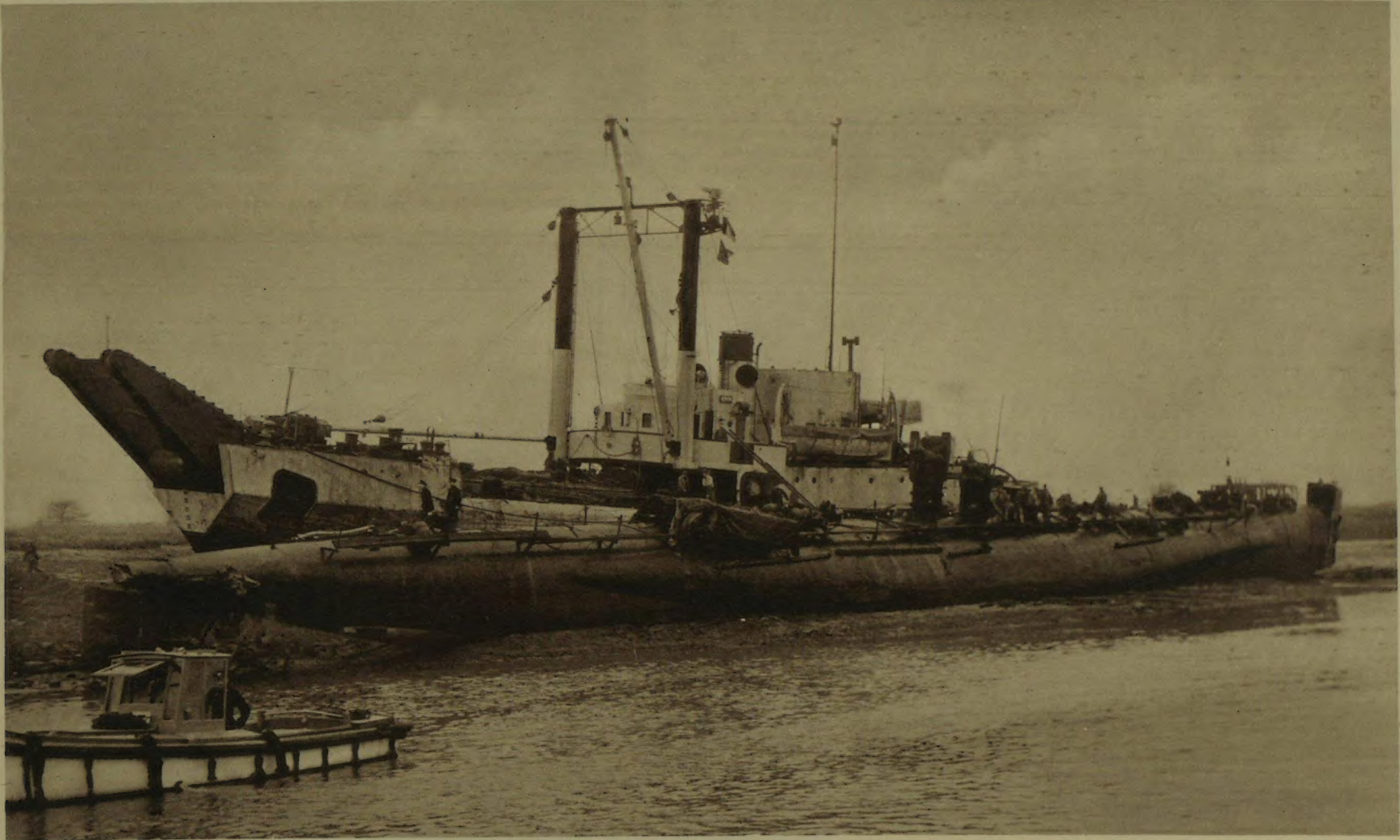
NORWICH'S WELCOME TO THE 1ST BN. THE ROYAL NORFOLK REGT., AFTER ITS THREE YEARS OF SERVICE IN THE FAR EAST: H.M. LIEUTENANT FOR NORFOLK, LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR EDMUND BACON, TAKING THE SALUTE AS THE REGIMENT MARCHED PAST ON ITS WAY TO THE CATHEDRAL. ON THE LEFT IS THE GUILDHALL.

The 1st Bn. The Royal Norfolk Regiment left for Korea in early October 1951 and had about a year's service there under the command of Colonel Orlebar (now at the War Office). Its casualties during this period were 33 killed and 90 wounded; and the decorations won, 1 D.S.O., 1 O.B.E., 3 M.C.s, 4 M.M.s, 8 mentions in despatches and 1 American Bronze Star. In October 1952 the regiment left for Hong Kong. Commanding the regiment at the official welcome parade at Norwich on December 15 was Lieut.-Colonel G. K. Turner-Cain.

A DISPLAY OF MAN'S MIGHT—AND EXAMPLES OF NATURE'S UNTAMED POWER.



AN IMPRESSIVE EXHIBITION OF ALLIED MIGHT ; AMERICAN 400 M.P.H. *TORNADO* JET BOMBERS ON PARADE AT THE U.S. AIR FORCE BASE, SCULTHORPE, NORFOLK. Our photograph of American 400 m.p.h. *Tornado* jet bombers at Sculthorpe, Norfolk, forms an interesting comment on the discussions on atomic arms use as "massive retaliation" in case of attack, which were on the agenda for the Atlantic Council meeting on December 17 in Paris. Sculthorpe, biggest and most vital jet bombardment base in Western Europe, is the site of an atom-bomb store, deep underground and guarded with the most stringent precautions by "security cleared" men. The base is staffed by 3500 men, who man four atom-bomber and tactical reconnaissance squadrons.



THE EXTRAORDINARY AND TRAGIC ACCIDENT TO THE *TALENT* ; THE SUBMARINE WITH THE SALVAGE VESSEL *SWIN* ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE MEDWAY, OPPOSITE THE DRY-DOCK FROM WHICH SHE WAS WASHED AWAY. SHE HAS NOW BEEN TOWED BACK TO THE DOCKYARD.

By an unprecedented accident at Chatham on December 15 a caisson, used as a watertight seal against a dry-dock gate, collapsed, and the submarine *Talent*, which was undergoing a refit, was swept into the Medway. Thirty-one of the men on board were rescued; one body was recovered; one man died in hospital and two, at the time of writing, are missing, believed dead. On our front page we show the dry-dock after the accident. Here *Talent* is alongside the salvage vessel. On December 16 she was refloated and towed down the Medway into the dockyard.

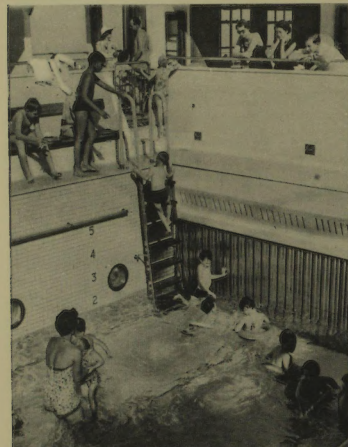


PULBOROUGH, SUSSEX, TRANSFORMED INTO A LAKE-SIDE VILLAGE ; AN ASTONISHING PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE EXTENT TO WHICH THE RIVER ARUN HAS FLOODED THE DISTRICT. THE BRIDGE ON THE RIGHT INDICATES THE NORMAL WIDTH OF THE STREAM.

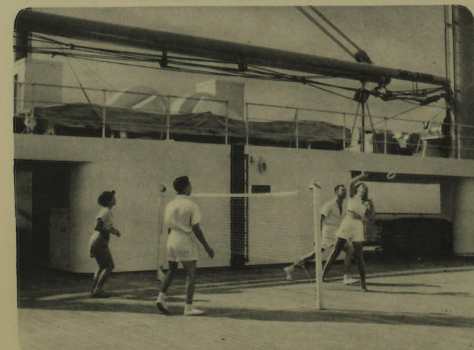
The floods throughout the country caused by the unprecedented amount of rain which has fallen during recent weeks have done much damage and have caused great loss and inconvenience, sometimes amounting to actual suffering. On December 15 fresh floods were reported from a number of districts—Suffolk, Cheshire and Derbyshire being particularly affected. Forty roads in seventeen counties south of a line from Liverpool to the Humber were reported under water. More inundations had occurred along the Thames Valley, as well as in Suffolk, Sussex and other places.



OUTWARD BOUND FOR THE SUN: PASSENGERS ENJOYING THE FINE WEATHER ON THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF THE P. & O. LINER *IBERIA*. HER SECOND VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA WAS TIMED TO BEGIN ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



A PLEASANT SIGHT FOR CHRISTMAS DAY: YOUNG CHILDREN PLAYING IN *IBERIA*'S SWIMMING-POOL, FILLED TO THE CHILDREN'S LEVEL, DURING THE MAIDEN TRIP THIS AUTUMN.



DECK TENNIS ON THE BOAT DECK OF THE S.S. *IBERIA*. THE LINER HAS CONSIDERABLE FACILITIES FOR DECK GAMES IN BOTH FIRST-CLASS AND TOURIST-CLASS QUARTERS.

These delightful photographs in a holiday spirit—but decidedly different holiday weather from a London Christmas—were taken during the maiden voyage to Australia of the new P. & O. liner *Iberia* (29,600 tons). The S.S. *Iberia*, which was built at Belfast by Harland and Wolff, Ltd., and launched on January 21, 1954, by Lady McGrigor,

SCHEDULED TO LEAVE AGAIN FOR THE ANTIPODES SEEN IN A SERIES OF LIVELY PHOTOGRAPHS



IBERIA'S FIRST TRANSIT OF THE SUZ CANAL: PASSENGERS CLUSTERED AT THE RAIL OF THE PROMENADE DECK TO SEE THE CANAL ZONE AND ITS VARIOUS INSTALLATIONS.



ONE OF THE CLASSIC ENTERTAINMENTS OF A LONG SEA VOYAGE: THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS COMPETITION—SHOWING A GROUP OF SOME OF THE COMPETITORS—DURING *IBERIA*'S FIRST TRIP.



left Tilbury on this maiden trip on September 29 this year, and after calling at Fremantle, West Australia, reached Sydney on November 1. For the return voyage she left Sydney on November 9 and docked at London on December 10. Her second voyage was scheduled to begin yesterday (Christmas Eve), when she was due to leave

ON CHRISTMAS EVE: THE NEWEST P. & O. LINER, *IBERIA*, OF HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.



WAITING FOR THE FIRST SIGHT OF AUSTRALIA: PASSENGERS ON *IBERIA*'S MAIDEN VOYAGE GATHERED IN THE OBSERVATION LOUNGE AS THE LINER APPROACHED FREMANTLE, WEST AUSTRALIA.



A GREAT MOMENT FOR A CHILD IN A HAPPY VOYAGE: THE QUARTERMASTER OF THE LINER *IBERIA* PRESENTS THE PRIZES FOR THE CHILDREN'S SPORTS COMPETITION.



THE TABLES ARE TURNED ON KING NEPTUNE'S COURT: AND THE OFFICIALS OF THE COURT—GET A DUCKING, TO EVERYONE'S DELIGHT.

for the land of December summer and Test matches. Her maiden voyage ran precisely to schedule. Her name revives one of the company's earliest ship titles, as their first *Iberia* was built in 1836 and was a wooden paddle-steamer of 516 tons. This first *Iberia* served for twenty years, first on the Spanish service and later in the



A BEGINNING AND AN END: PASSENGERS LOOKING OUT ON A MILITARY CAMP IN THE SUZ CANAL ZONE, AS THE P. & O. LINER *IBERIA* MADE ITS FIRST PASSAGE THROUGH THE CANAL EN ROUTE FOR AUSTRALIA.



DECK GAMES WERE VERY POPULAR WITH THE PASSENGERS ON S.S. *IBERIA*'S MAIDEN TRIP; AND THIS PHOTOGRAPH, LOOKING DOWN ON THE BOAT DECK, SHOWS DECK QUOITS AND DECK TENNIS IN PROGRESS.



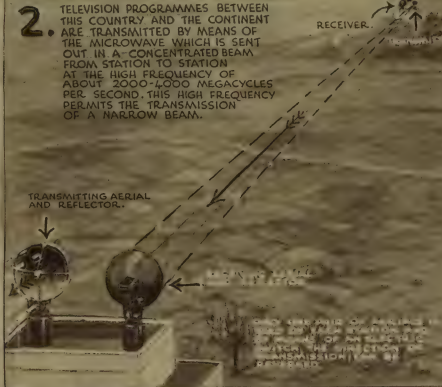
FINE STYLE—AND A JUVENILE WILL-TO-WIN—DISPLAYED DURING A GIRLS' EGG-AND-SPOON RACE IN THE CHILDREN'S SPORTS ON *IBERIA*'S MAIDEN VOYAGE.

Mediterranean, where she was one of the first ships used for pleasure-cruising. In 1844, Thackeray went on such a cruise and described it in "The Irish Sketch Book." The new *Iberia* can carry 674 first-class passengers and 733 tourist-class passengers, has a total cargo capacity of over 300,000 cubic feet and a service speed of 22½ knots.

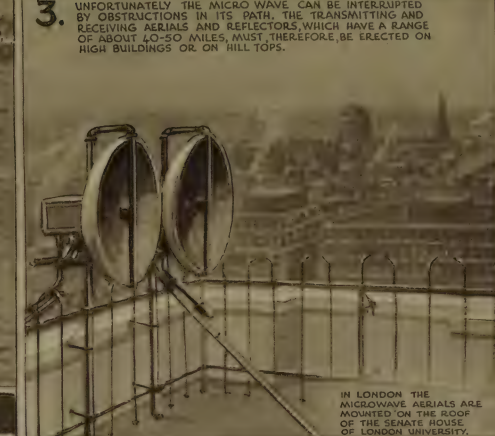
4. WHEREAS THE STANDARD TELEVISION BROADCASTING STATION SENDS OUT ITS WAVES IN ALL DIRECTIONS AND WORKS ON A WAVE-BAND OF 41 TO 68 MEGACYCLES PER SECOND,



4. BETWEEN LONDON AND THE COAST THERE ARE THREE PAIRS OF RECEIVERS SITUATED ON HIGH GROUND AT WROTHAM, WARREN STREET AND COVER. CROSSING THE STRAITS OF DOVER THE SIGNALS REACH CASSEL AND ARE THEN CARRIED TO THE INTERNATIONAL CONTROL CENTRE AT LILLE.



5 AT EACH STATION THE MICROWAVES HAVE TO BE
AMPLIFIED BEFORE RE-TRANSMISSION.

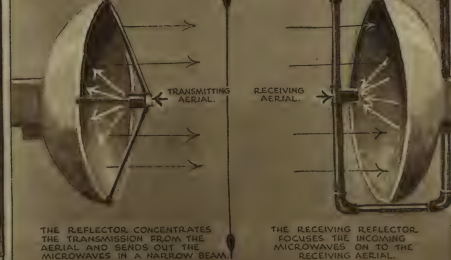


TWO TYPES OF TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING AERIALS AND REFLECTORS.



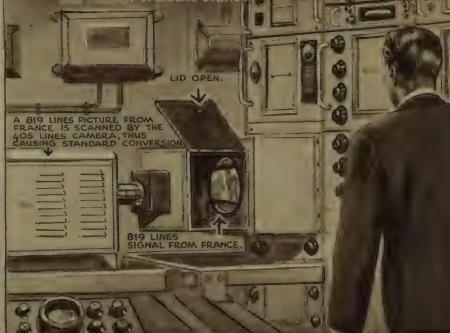
6.

18



THE RECEIVING REFLECTOR
FOCUSES THE INCOMING
MICROWAVES ON TO THE
RECEIVING AERIAL.

8. SINCE THE "TRANSMITTING LINES" OF CONTINENTAL COUNTRIES VARY, STANDARD CONVERSION EQUIPMENT HAS TO BE USED TO CONVERT THE LOG LINES PICTURE USED IN BRITAIN TO THE G25 LINES PICTURE OF SWITZERLAND, HOLLAND, GERMANY AND FLEMISH-SPEAKING BELGIUM, AND THE G19 LINES PICTURE OF FRANCE, AND FRENCH-SPEAKING BELGIUM.



life; visit the house of Erasmus, the celebrated Dutch philosopher, in Brussels, on December 30; join in a programme of folk music and dancing from Germany, and receive New Year greetings in the Italian style from Milan and Cortona. Such long-range programmes can only be televised by means of a concentrated beam of very high-frequency microwaves and, as can be seen from the diagrammatical drawings by our Special Artist above, an extensive microwave radio-relay system has been

[illegible]

THE MICROWAVE SYSTEM ON THE CONTINENT, WHICH WILL BE USED AT CHRISTMAS FOR TELEVISION BROADCASTS IN BRITAIN.

⊗ - CABLE LINK

⊗ - CABLE LINK
(LILLE - PARIS).

M.W.-MICROWAVE LINKS

LOGIC - NATIONAL TECHNICAL
CONTROL POINT

WILL BRING CONTINENTAL PROGRAMMES TO BRITISH SCREENS IN A EUROPEAN LINK-UP OF SEVEN NATIONS.

developed. When the microwaves reach their final destination at one of the international broadcasting stations, *via* the many microwave links, they are amplified once more and re-transmitted in the ordinary way in all directions. The step from inter-European to transatlantic television is undoubtedly a long one, but it must not be thought of as a mere pipe-dream. The first telephone cable is due to be laid next year under the ocean between Scotland and Newfoundland, and although it will not

be possible to use it for television because of the excessive frequency range needed at present to convey "picture intelligence," according to a recent statement by Sir Gordon Riley, Engineer-in-Chief of the G.P.O., a transatlantic television cable was a long-range project worthy of serious study "and by no means to be dismissed as impractical of eventual attainment." Meanwhile the plan for a National television service was furthered when a temporary station was opened at Redmoss this month.

AN AMERICAN'S VIEW OF THE RUSSIAN ENIGMA.

"LIFE IN RUSSIA"; By LESLIE C. STEVENS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS American Admiral really is a charming man, and an honest man, and a modest man, and a man of taste, who learnt humbly in Russia, and, as he learnt, made notes increasingly revealing. All sorts of books have emerged from Russia during the last thirty-seven years: since, indeed, the bewildered and decent Bonar Law hailed the appearance of a fleeting Russian Parliament with a quotation from the deluded young Wordsworth, about the French Revolution:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!

There have been books by Poles who were in concentration camps until the Germans invaded Russia. There have been books by journalists who have haunted the Moscow cafés and noticed their acquaintances vanishing one by one. There have been books by ambassadors, the most notable, perhaps, being Sir David Kelly's. And there have been a few by former Bolsheviks who have had the good fortune to escape from that gigantic prison of body and mind, Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom" being still the most illuminating and comprehensive of these. Between them they have thrown an immense amount of light on the scene behind the curtain.

Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, in his acute little preface, says: "All you people who've lived in Moscow, how tedious you are!" someone remarked to Fitzroy Maclean the other day. "You all say the same things." As Maclean pointed out, this may well be because what we say is, in fact, the truth. Contrary to the popular supposition, more is known about the U.S.S.R., and with greater certainty, than about, say, Mexico, or, for that matter, the United States. This is partly because some hundreds of thousands of former Soviet citizens, now living in exile, are consumed with a burning passion to let the world know about the true character of the Soviet régime, and the wrongs and oppressions they have suffered under it. Also, public interest in the subject is so intense that the difficulties put in the way of investigators, and the deceptions practised upon them, have to some extent at any rate been circumvented. Incidentally, the greatest triumph of Soviet propaganda has been, nonetheless, to keep alive the idea that practices like slave labour, better attested than the census figures, are

problematical, and that citizens can be happy and contented in countries where any attempt to move abroad is punishable with the most appalling penalties." That is all true: the novel thing about this book by one who served for three years in Moscow as an American Naval Attaché, is that he does not concentrate mainly on the grim régime and its abominations, does not retail collected information about the mortality in the lumber-camps and the mines, has nothing to say about screams heard from behind prison-bars, and does not hark back to mass-executions which took place before he arrived. He tells us—and he is very observant and writes well—what he saw and heard. His deductions and generalisations are rather implied than obtruded. He met some amiable Russian officers. Among them were two Generals whom he seems to have persuaded that he wasn't a spy. In fact, one could not fairly call him even an investigator. He was an observer of "Life in Russia"—the life of the people, so far as he was able to get glimpses of it, and the life of himself and his colleagues, of whom he says: "We had the same lack of privacy as fish in an aquarium, and almost the same lack of freedom."

He could not travel far, but he wandered as much, in town and country, as he could, and his knowledge of Russian (many people have written about Russia without knowing a word of the language) enabled him to overhear as well as hear. He wanted the truth, not merely about the régime, but about the people, and the more he saw of them the fonder he grew of them, which has been the normal experience of Western observers not entirely preoccupied with politics, and tolerant enough to be able to bear with inefficiency

and volubility if accompanied by natural gaiety, charm and kindness of heart. His descriptions of the great public festivals—Easter in the churches, parades and fireworks in the Red Square, where lies the embalmed corpse which is the centre of it all—have been preceded by others, but few so detailed as his and with such



DEATH: SOVIET LAW REQUIRES AN AUTOPSY IN EVERY DEATH WHOSE CAUSE IS NOT DIRECT AND OBVIOUS. COFFINS ARE OFTEN RENTED FOR FUNERALS AND USED OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Illustrations by Vera Drashevsky reproduced from the book "Life in Russia"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Longmans Green and Co.



PATTERNS IN THE FROST.



SPRING COMES EVEN.

literary quality. He certainly does full justice to the semi-barbaric pageantry: the Russians may not have too much bread but they certainly have superb circuses. There are also accounts of plays, the opera, the ballet, a fair, a duck-shooting expedition (in rural depths, and arduous) and a football match. It appears that the Dynamos, who came over here, are the team of the MVD., the present version of the Cheka and OGPU.

There are two passages of dialogue which linger in my memory after finishing, and enjoying (which is unusual with these books about Soviet Russia) the Admiral's pages. One conversation was with a bright-eyed undergraduate whom he met on the Metro. and with whom he "went into a bar on Gorky Street for a mug of beer."

"The conversation inevitably reached the stage of comparisons between America and Soviet Russia. He

did not question my remarks until I said that we had freedom of speech in America, whereas the Russians did not.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Someone has been telling you things that are not true. We have freedom of speech here, just as in America."

"But no one has freedom to disagree with the régime," I said.

"But yes! In the University there is one evening every week that is set aside for debate. Anyone can get up and say anything he wants. He can disagree with what the Government does, ask questions about anything, and speak his mind freely."

"I was frankly surprised, and told him so. But he went on. 'Of course our Government is very wise and very good. If anyone criticizes it, there are people in the University who are specially trained to answer criticism. They answer all such questions and put him straight.'

"But suppose he does not agree with those answers?"

"He must agree with them, because they are right. And before the debate is over, he must admit in public that they are right."

"But what if he still cannot agree?"

"If he does not admit in public that he was wrong, he cannot stay in the University. We cannot have such wrong-thinkers in such a place, when there are thousands who would like to be there for whom we do not have room."

The other conversation took place when he went for lunch in "a combination restaurant and bar of the sort that might be frequented by taxi-drivers or labourers in America."

A thin nervous-looking man sat down at his table, took his sausage, bread and beer in silence, put the remains of the bread and sausage in his pocket, searched for a match, took the light that was offered, and asked the Admiral if he was a Lett or a German. The right answer being given he suspiciously asked to see papers. When these had been produced, he began speaking about himself, a fairly well-off provincial in Moscow to see about machinery for the farm. Then, after much dithering, and anxious, darting glances, he opened out: "It was perhaps the first time in his life that, because of my position, he was absolutely sure that the person with whom he was talking would not betray him to the secret police." He wasn't bitter against the men in the Kremlin; he merely said that they were a lot of revolutionary conspirators, who might be sincere and well-meaning, but simply had neither the intelligence nor the knowledge to cope with Russia's problems. "You cannot," he said, "possibly realise the unhappiness and discontent that is everywhere in Russia, particularly

in the villages and on the farms, nor the dog's life which we lead. I have seen parents, unable to feed their children, deliberately do things that would get them sent to prison camps, for then the Government will give the children food. The whole land is ripe for a new revolution, and we would rise up against our leaders overnight if we could only get our hands on the means with which to do it. But we cannot organize ourselves to do a single thing: we Russians cannot talk about our sorrows with other Russians. There are so many spies and informers that we do not know whom to trust."

"The means with which to do it"—there's the focal point. In modern States it takes an army revolt to make an effective rebellion.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1174 of this issue.



VICE-ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, U.S.N. (RETIRED), THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Admiral Stevens was U.S. Naval Attaché in Moscow from 1947 to 1949. He reads and speaks Russian fluently and he went to the Soviet Union determined to find out as much about the country as he could. His diplomatic status enabled him to travel to places and to do things denied to the official visitor, and he took every opportunity of observing "Life in Russia."

* "Life in Russia." By Leslie C. Stevens, Vice-Admiral, U.S.N. (Retired), formerly Naval Attaché at the United States Embassy in Moscow. With Foreword by Malcolm Muggeridge. Illustrated by Vera Drashevsky. (Longmans; 25s.)



THE EIGHTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD "NORDIC GIANT" OF MUSIC: FINLAND'S WORLD-FAMOUS COMPOSER, JEAN SIBELIUS.

Jean Sibelius, who attained the great age of eighty-nine years on December 8, 1954, is one of the greatest of living composers, equally honoured and venerated in his own country and in foreign lands. He has been called "in the fullest sense a musical patriot," for his work is intensely national. Harold Rutland once wrote of him that "In the music of this Nordic Giant we hear the voice of Nature herself, her dark, mysterious forests, her lakes and frozen wastes," for much of his music is based on Finland's rich store of ancient saga. Sibelius studied music at the Helsingfors Conservatoire and later in Berlin and Vienna. He returned to Finland in 1893, and in 1897 the State recognised his genius by offering him a life grant so that he could retire from teaching, and devote himself to a creative career. He has paid several visits to this country, notably in 1912, when his Fourth Symphony was produced at the Birmingham Festival, and in 1921, when he appeared several times at the Queen's Hall on the invitation of Sir Henry J. Wood,

introducing to London his Fifth Symphony and "The Oceanides." His Seventh and last Symphony was produced on his sixtieth birthday in Helsingfors. Sibelius has the prolific creative power of genius, and his compositions include the Seven Symphonies, the Violin Concerto in D minor, works for chorus and orchestra, music for the theatre and over 100 songs. Vocal music, indeed, stands next to orchestral works in importance in Sibelius's musical achievement; and in a country such as Finland, where unaccompanied choral singing is greatly cultivated, his output of part-songs, though not large, is extremely important. His three-part songs for male voices and his Latin Hymn are specially noteworthy. The great composer now leads a quiet life in his home near Helsinki, but takes a vital interest in all world news, specially that relating to music. His eighty-ninth birthday was spent in the midst of his family. He has five daughters, who are all married, with families, living in the outskirts of Helsinki.

Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

A SHORT time ago I met in the street a lady of a Fermanagh family whom I had not seen for many years. We spoke of the great and handsome house, now in the hands of the National Trust, but in which her cousin was living. More patriotic than myself, she returned, she said, every year for a visit. On occasions such as this, I find that the talk almost invariably turns to *The Illustrated London News*. Everyone that I know seems to read it, and some go so far as to say: "And we don't only look at the pictures; we read you each week." This lady said that of all that I had ever written she had most enjoyed an account of a children's party during the Christmas holidays when I was a very small boy. "When the coachman got drunk and had to be left to sleep himself sober in a loose-box, and your father, who had only just got up after an illness, had to get on the box seat and drive about ten miles home in pelting rain."

As a Fermanagh woman, she was perhaps prejudiced in favour of this article, but she is not the only one who has remembered it and found a kind word for it. E.D.C. and Indo-China may be more useful subjects, but evocation of the past and the nostalgia it arouses, leave a deeper impression on the mind. As we grow older, nostalgia becomes one of the sweetest of all moods. The sting in it is not perceptible enough to be disturbing; the soft, golden light which envelops the scene—and which, perhaps, never was on sea or land—is enchanting. The lady asked if I could write another article on Fermanagh, if possible connected with Christmas. I promised to try, provided the Editor agreed, and now I have forgotten to ask him. The particular occasion, I fear, about exhausts my stock, and even then it may have been mentioned in a few lines in a previous article, but it has certainly not been treated in detail before. Some of my diaries have been lost and I am not certain about the year, but it was probably Christmas, 1933.

For me to be away from home at Christmas was very unusual. My brother and I had crossed together to visit my father, who was living alone on the shore of Lower Lough Erne. I must give warning in advance that our sojourn was unmarked by any drama such as that of the drunken coachman. It could not have been more placid. The scene from the windows of that house is historic. On Devenish Island, upon which it looks directly, stands one of the well-known round towers. When it was built no one knows, but as it is one of the best and most elaborately constructed, it has been thought to be one of the latest. The eleventh century would be as good a guess as any. Close at hand are three other buildings, but, unlike the tower, they are in ruins: the "great church," which forms the wing of an ancient abbey, the "upper church," and a little house said by some to be that of Saint Molaise, the founder, and, if so, dating from the sixth century. And I believe that it was on the mainland shelf, on which the house where I spent that Christmas is built, that Lord Deputy Chichester encamped in 1606 when engaged on the survey which preceded the Plantation of Ulster.

I have known views perhaps artistically more beautiful, but hardly any on which I have gazed so long. These vestiges of Gaelic Christianity—and before the Plantation Fermanagh, or "Maguire's Country," was as purely Gaelic as any part of Ireland—set the mind to musing. "Il y a des lieux où souffle l'esprit," writes Maurice Barrès. If he was right, this was one of them. I would sit in the window looking at it with untiring eyes for an hour at a time. During summer visits I came in the evenings for a reason which looks trifling when set down: I wanted to count 100 swans in the bay between the island and the mainland. I never succeeded, but I once reached a total of 99.

I wandered round the wet fields with a gun. I even braved December weather in a rowing-boat. Fermanagh is not a very cold county, though a rainy one. We paid a few visits to friends. Round the fire at night my father would talk of an Ireland older than I had seen. He had known a rich collection of "characters" and had a gift for bringing them to life. He could have written a good book of memories if he had possessed the sustained energy for the task, but his energy was intermittent. He had been good at most sports he took up—running, boxing, Rugby football, shooting and yacht-sailing—and had a retentive memory for them. I think his best days, and mine with him, had been spent in yacht-racing on the lough. Now, however, his yachting days were over and our boat no longer bobbed and jinked at her moorings. She would, in any case, have been

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. AN IRISH CHRISTMAS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

hauled up in December. She had not been very successful, but in the first that I recalled from childhood he had won races with almost monotonous regularity. Sailing was one of our favourite topics.

My father had a long-standing engagement to dine out on Christmas night, so left us to our own devices. Had we let our plight be known, someone would have invited us also; but we were self-sufficient and

Afterwards we settled ourselves in arm-chairs in front of the fire to await my father's return.

The glow which lingers on that occasion is the more cherished because it was the last on which I saw my father in full health. I visited him three or four times more, but it was never again in the same atmosphere of happiness. Between that Christmas and his death I sailed and swam in the lough

and drove round its shores. The link was, however, weakening and is now severed, though I visited Lough Erne, even that house, and looked on the ruins of Devenish four years ago. Yet even the sounds, the lapping of water on the sandstone boulders, the swishing of the wind in the rushes, the cry of wildfowl, seem to have their own special significance and to belong to that scene, not sounding the same when heard on Derwentwater or the Norfolk Broads. I do not think I am straining my imagination or yielding to sentimentality when I say that they have remained more a part of myself, and return more often to my mind, than any other associations of my life. And it is at Christmas that they return most vividly.

Yet Lough Erne appears in other forms, too. After all, I had only spent holidays in that house between the two Great Wars, never lived in it, whereas my youth had been spent in Fermanagh. One cannot live in that small county without living close to the water; for the Upper and Lower Loughs, with a stretch of river between them, run throughout its length, from Newtown Butler to Belleek, and the county town of Enniskillen lies on that intervening stretch of river. As a boy I had pulled perch out of it and used all my arts of persuasion to induce a doubtful mother and an unenthusiastic cook to have those uninteresting fish served at table. I had sailed on the Lower Lough before entering my teens and raced on it before I was half-way through them. I had even rowed races on the river. I had shot duck and snipe on the lough, and my slight deafness in one ear is due to a shot taken over my head as I sat on the thwarts of a boat at the age of fifteen. So Lough Erne brings many other memories.

Cloud coming in from the Atlantic limits the hours of sunshine, though the climate is, in fact, better than the tourist who comes in August, a notoriously wet month, is inclined to believe. The days which seem most familiar in retrospect were marked by a full sailing breeze out of the south-west, and overcast, with an occasional gleam of sun and an occasional shower. If the wind were strong enough to make white tops we were hardly aware of the shower, since we were bound to take in heavy spray on a beat. The problems were very different from those of small-yacht

sea-racing: there was no tide to be taken into account, but instead extraordinary shifts of wind which could sometimes, though not always, be foreseen by studying the glass before coming aboard. I can remember boats which had not been doing well leaving the little fleet in search of such a shift and, if successful, gaining an advantage which practically decided the race. In calms, to know or guess where the first puff would come was equally valuable. Some of the squalls coming down from the hills were wicked in their intensity.

I have begun to wander far from my last Irish Christmas, but I may, perhaps, succeed better in making clear the spirits and sentiments in which I kept it by filling in the background and, I hope, showing why it affected me so deeply. It was, in part, because I had known so many happy days on Lough Erne that I enjoyed so heartily the Christmas I have described. What happened on the occasion itself was banal enough, but it was transformed into something exciting by the associations which the scene evoked. Even the names, such as Devenish, Inishmacsaint, Duross, Crevinshaughy, come to what Wordsworth calls the "inward ear" with the chime of bells from a country which

is now to me not wholly of this world. Sorrows and annoyances must have assailed me there as strongly as in other places where I have dwelt, but a kind of spell has been laid upon Lough Erne which has wiped them all out.

It may be that some of those who read these words at Christmas have undergone similar experiences, and feel that they have been, in a sense, stamped with the seal of some place or region, where perhaps they lived happily, though this is not essential in creating the sentiment—what is essential is that they should have felt vividly. If there are none I shall have written in vain; for I should not have written as I have, had I not hoped that some who read would share my experience. Anyhow, to all readers I wish happiness this Christmas.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF DEVENISH ISLAND, IN LOUGH ERNE, COUNTY FERMANAGH, NORTHERN IRELAND, SHOWING ONE OF THE WELL-KNOWN ROUND TOWERS AND THREE OTHER BUILDINGS, WHICH, UNLIKE THE TOWER, ARE IN RUINS.

Captain Falls, writing on this page of a Christmas he once spent at his father's house on the shore of Lower Lough Erne, describes the scene from the window of that house as "historic." "On Devenish Island, upon which it looks directly, stands one of the well-known round towers. When it was built no one knows, but as it is one of the best and most elaborately constructed, it has been thought to be one of the latest. The eleventh century would be as good a guess as any. Close at hand are three other buildings, but, unlike the tower, they are in ruins: the 'great church' (left), which forms the wing of an ancient abbey, the 'upper church,' and a little house said by some to be that of Saint Molaise, the founder, and, if so, dating from the sixth century."



LOUGH ERNE, COUNTY FERMANAGH.

"I have known views perhaps artistically more beautiful, but hardly any on which I have gazed so long," writes Captain Falls of the view of Lough Erne from the window of his father's house.

fond of each other's company. I had shot an exceptionally big but young cock pheasant, just the right number of days ahead for hanging. The cook surpassed herself. That pheasant was roasted to perfection. The flesh melted in the mouth. The little plum-pudding was a champion, and we solemnly turned out the dining-room lamp and lit the traditional spirit. The mince-pies were so light that they would almost have flown. The bottle of champagne was excellent, and we duly drank the toasts prescribed. We hoped that our relations and friends were as happy as we were. Actually, so far as I recall, most of those in England were frozen-up, and, when, on my return, I spoke of our pleasant days, I was listened to with the reserve often accorded to the man who has escaped trouble and left his family at home to wrestle with it.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: SOME ACQUISITIONS OF THE YEAR.



"THOMAS SYDENHAM" (1624-1689), PIONEER OF THE MODERN STUDY OF DISEASE; BY MARY BEALE (1632-1697). (30 by 25 ins.) (Presented by Lord Ilchester.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT"; BY SIR PETER LE LY (1618-1680). SIGNED IN MONOGRAM; c. 1660. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE EARLS OF JERSEY. (42½ by 34½ ins.) (Purchased.)



"JOHN LOCKE" (1632-1704), PHILOSOPHER; BY JOHN GREENHILL (1649-1676), c. 1670-1675. (Oval; 22½ by 18 ins.) (Purchased.)



"ERNEST BEVIN" (1881-1951), MINISTER OF LABOUR, 1940-45; FOREIGN SECRETARY, 1945-51; BY T. C. DUGDALE, R.A., c. 1945. (44 by 34 ins.) (Purchased.)



"SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552?-1618), AND HIS SON WALTER (c. 1593-1617-18); ARTIST: UNKNOWN. (79 by 50 ins.) (Presented by the Lennard family.)



"WILLIAM RALPH INGE" (1860-1954), DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, SCHOLAR AND MAN OF LETTERS; BY ARTHUR NORRIS. SIGNED c. 1934. (44 by 34 ins.) (Purchased.)



"ROGER QUILTER" (1877-1953), COMPOSER OF SONGS AND CHILDREN'S MUSIC; BY W. G. DE GLEHN, R.A. (44 by 30½ ins.) (Presented by the artist's widow.)



"GEORGE LEIGH MALLORY" (1886-1924), MOUNTAINEER, LOST JUST SHORT OF THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST, JUNE 8, 1924; BY SIMON BUSSY, c. 1910. (Pastel; 12 by 9½ ins.) (Purchased.)



"WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE" (1809-1898), THE VICTORIAN STATESMAN; BY A. E. EMSLIE, SIGNED AND DATED 20 MARCH, 1890. (19½ by 15½ ins.) (Presented by the artist's daughter.)

We here reproduce a selection of acquisitions made by the National Portrait Gallery during 1954, which will be placed on public exhibition on December 26. The portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh and his son was probably given by the sitter to the Carew family of Beddington. Sir Nicholas Carew (d. 1644) was Raleigh's brother-in-law. About the beginning of the eighteenth century the picture passed by marriage from the Carew to the Lennard family of Wickham,

where George Vertue saw it in 1742, and it has descended since in the family. The self-portrait of Sir Peter Lely was possibly the picture in 1661 in the possession of the Beales. Mary Beale's portrait of Thomas Sydenham is a fine example of the work of this gifted pupil of Lely. Greenhill, who painted Locke, was also a pupil of the same great portrait painter. Mr. Ernest Bevin, the much-respected Trade Union leader, was known as the "Dockers' K.C."

Reproduced by permission of the National Portrait Gallery.



DANCING IN HIS COAT OF LONG-HAIRED GOAT-SKIN: A KENYAH WARRIOR FROM SARAWAK. HE WEARS A CAP ADORNED WITH ARGUS PHEASANT'S FEATHERS.



A KENYAH DANCER HOLDING A SHIELD: THE DECORATIONS DANGLING IN LONG CURLS FROM THE CEILING ARE WOOD-SHAVINGS FROM THE BEAMS.



WITH CLOUDY LEOPARD'S TEETH IN HIS EARS, AND BRANDISHING A SWORD: A KENYAH WARRIOR FROM THE BARAM RIVER, DOING THE HEAD-HUNTER'S DANCE.



LEADING A LINE OF DANCERS, "CONGA"-FASHION, UP AND DOWN THE VERANDAH OF THE LONG-HOUSE: A KENYAH MUSICIAN BLOWING ON HIS STRANGE INSTRUMENT.

IN THE REMOTE BARAM RIVER DISTRICT OF SARAWAK, BORNEO: WILD DANCES BY PAGAN TRIBESMEN.

The indigenous peoples of Sarawak, an independent State situated in the north-west of the island of Borneo, live far away from all civilisation, along the river-banks or in the uplands of the interior. They are composed of different races comprising Mohammedan Malays and various pagan tribes such as Sea Dyaks, Land Dyaks, Murats, Kayans, Punans, Klementans and Kenyahs. The pictures which we publish above are of Kenyah warriors from the Baram River district executing graceful and vigorous dances in which gentle movements are mixed with wild

gyrations. They are performing before a local audience in one of the long-houses constructed entirely of wood from the surrounding jungle, lashed together with rotan, the tough and flexible stem of the climbing palm of the genus *Calamus*, which is as strong as any rope. The throbbing musical accompaniment consists generally of quaint, guitar-like instruments; or a series of small gongs of different sizes hung from a long wooden frame. These, on being tapped with short batons, produce a most delightful and melodious tune.



WEARING A MAGNIFICENT CEREMONIAL SARONG, AND SWAYING GRACEFULLY TO THE MUSIC: A BEAUTIFUL DANCER FROM LONG TEJOI, IN SARAWAK, NORTH-WEST BORNEO.



A KENYAH WOMAN DOING THE FEATHER DANCE. HORNBILL FEATHERS TIED TO HER FINGERS ARE MADE TO RISE AND FALL DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE DANCE.



WITH HANDS AND FOREARMS TATTOOED: A YOUNG DANCER FROM THE BARAM RIVER DISTRICT. SO ADORNED SHE LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE IS WEARING BLACK, LACE GLOVES.



WEARING A HEAD-DRESS OF COLOURED BEADS, HEAVY BRASS EAR-RINGS, AND BEAD DECORATIONS IN THE TOP PART OF THE EARS: A LOVELY KENYAH DANCER FROM LONG BUROI.

ENTERTAINING THEIR VILLAGE NEIGHBOURS: BEAUTIFUL FEMALE DANCERS FROM THE RIVER BARAM DISTRICT OF SARAWAK.

The slow, graceful movements of the female dancers from the Baram River, who are adorned with ornate head-dresses, heavy ear-rings and brilliantly-coloured sarongs, are in sharp contrast to the wild, frenzied gyrations of the warriors, whose photographs we reproduce on the facing page. These unspoilt and interesting people congregate regularly in their long-houses and give an entertainment of dancing which lasts well into the night. The Kenyah tribe, like the other remote tribes of Borneo, are pagans, relying on omens and tribal superstitions for their

guidance—the flight of birds or similar haphazard occurrences which may influence their lives and behaviour. The woman executing the feather-dance, for instance, with the black and white feathers tied to her fingers, is miming the flight of the Helmeted Hornbill (*Rhinoplax vigil*), a bird held in awe by the natives. She finally ends her dance by standing on the brass gong seen in the background. The chased silver belt, hung with a variety of silver coins, which she wears, is hand-made, most likely by a Chinese silversmith in Kuching, the capital of Sarawak.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE PHANTOM TROUTS OF CORONEL.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

DURING the first of our two plant-collecting expeditions to Chile, 1927, my companion, Dr. Bal-four Gourlay, and I paid a brief visit to

Coronel. Our reason for going to that particular spot? We were out there, first and foremost, in search of plants, but I must confess that our visit to Coronel came about through fishing.

It happened like this. On the voyage out from England we made the acquaintance of the general manager of an important coal-mine at Coronel. He was returning to Chile, after leave in England, with his wife and several children, and one afternoon I questioned him about the Chilean trout-fishing, of which I had heard such startling accounts before leaving home, and on account of which I had come prepared with rod and tackle. "If it's fishing you want," he said, "come to Coronel"; and he told us of a small lake on his company's estate which had been stocked some years before with both brown and rainbow trout. They had done amazingly well—as they had in so many parts of Chile. The lake was stiff with them, and many of them were of great size. But no one was able to catch them. He invited us to come and have a try. He'd be delighted to put us up.

And so, a month or two later, as we worked our way further and further south, we found ourselves within easy reach of Coronel, and rang up our friend. He met us at the station the next day, late afternoon, and took us to a most beautiful house, set in a well-kept flowery garden. I remember being enchanted to find bushes of my favourite rose, "Mme. Cécile Brunner." Our host gave us tea, after which we explored the garden until dinner-time. But we were puzzled. Not a sign of our hostess or the children. Most odd. And Gourlay and I somehow felt we dared not enquire, lest some tragedy had occurred. An outstandingly good dinner, beautifully served, with all the etceteras and trimmings. I seem to remember that we played billiards, and the cigars were worthy of the dinner. At 10.30 our host said he must be off, and left us to our two luxurious suites of rooms, but promised to call for us at 7 a.m. to take us to the fishing. Before I fell asleep I heard a night-watchman patrolling round the house.

The trout lake was a few miles away, a pleasant, small sheet of water of perhaps 50 or 60 acres set among low hills, and fed at its upper end by a tiny stream. When we arrived on the spot at 7.30 the lake presented the most astonishing scene of trout on the rise that one could possibly imagine. In fact, without having seen, one could not imagine it, and the actual sight of it was difficult to believe. The fish were not merely on the rise. They were leaping, too, like mad things, all over the place—hundreds of them. There were many big fellows among them; two- and three-pounders in plenty, and others well up to the 5- and 6-lb. average. Doubtless, too, there were others still, really big brutes, who scorned such frivolous caperings, preferring to cruise around, quietly sucking in the succulent nourishment with which the lake abounded.

Here, it seemed, was a fisherman's dream come true—or was it a nightmare? In a way it turned out to be something in the nature of a strange dream.

Feverishly, Gourlay and I began to fix up our rods, but quite suddenly, before we could get a fly on to the water, that whole mad orgy of rising and leaping stopped abruptly and completely. The last widening rings faded from the surface of the water, leaving the lake glassy-smooth and apparently dead. We fished and fished all morning. Not a movement. I tried every fly I could think of, from a Black Gnat to a Jock Scott, and after that I tried more dramatic lures—Devon minnows, silver spoon baits, and a crazy American plug with wobbling gait and googoo eyes. All were ignored. Exasperating! If only there had been a few Mills bombs in my fishing-bag I would gladly have lobbed half-a-dozen or so into one or two likely-looking deep pools, if only to "larn" some of the monsters lurking there, and to find out how much larger they were than

What a picnic! Every sort of food and drink that goes with a picnic seemed to be there, except, thank goodness, hard-boiled eggs, which are surely the most primitive and unimaginative form of spoilt food ever devised by man. Hard-boiling seems to bring out all that is worst in an egg.

After that colossal meal, that astounding example of Anglo-Chilean hospitality, a siesta in the warm, aromatic fragrance and grateful shade of a plantation by the lakeside was delightful. Later that afternoon we had another try for the trout. Not a movement, not a bid for anything we offered. Apparently after that mad orgy of rising and leaping, every trout in the lake retired to his or her digestorium, there to doze off and digest the morning's meal. The only

trout caught that day fell to our host. He took his rod to the tiny stream at the head of the lake and returned with a nice, fat 2-pounder. We did not enquire what lure he had used. The stream was little more than a ditch, and my own theory was that he waded in, cornered his fish, and kicked it out on to the bank with his heavy boots. Unfortunately the lake itself did not lend itself to that particular technique, or I would gladly have resorted to it among those maddening fish.

Another night at the pleasant house in the garden, our host entertaining us lavishly to all that was best. But still no sign nor any mention of family. He took us to the lake next morning half an hour earlier, at 7 a.m., when we hoped to get among the madly rising and leaping trout whilst they seemed to be in some sort of a mood for something. Nothing doing. The lake was dead smooth and still as a mirror. Not a fish stirred. We fished for an hour or two and without result. We gave it up, and our host suggested that we came to his house for lunch, and meet the family. Not until then did we dare ask for an explanation of the beautiful house in the garden and the

really sumptuous hospitality we had enjoyed there—hospitality with a half-absent host. The great house had been the home of the man who originally owned the coal-mine of which our friend was now manager. The house, the mine—in fact, the whole show—were now run by a company, and the house was used for entertaining, presumably, visiting directors and, we were told, very distinguished guests.

But what, you may ask, has all this to do with "An English Garden"? Absolutely nothing. But this is Christmas, and I thought I'd give flowers and gardens—and myself—a small holiday, and gossip for a change about fishing—the most disappointing and exasperating fishing I ever thoroughly enjoyed. And did I not meet dear little "Cécile Brunner" in the garden of the mystery house whose hospitality puzzled us so much? And just by way of justification for our little detour to Coronel, at least I collected in the public park there cuttings of the albino form (palest pink and white) of *Fuchsia magellanica*, which, by a miracle, I got home alive. Alive, but only just. In our host's own garden, too, we saw flowering a race of *Alstroemerias* which we took to be *A. chilensis*. Charming things in many delicate tones of pink. I seem to remember our friend sending us seed of them later, but although this was distributed, I have no recollection of growing or flowering it at Stevenage.



THE JUSTIFICATION FOR THE DETOUR TO CORONEL—AND THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE PHANTOM TROUTS THEREOF: THE ALBINO FORM OF *FUCHSIA MAGELLANICA*, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT "COLLECTED IN THE PUBLIC PARK THERE . . . AND, BY A MIRACLE . . . GOT HOME ALIVE." [Photograph by D. F. Merrett.]

my imagination and the early-morning performance suggested.

But no. The morning was a complete blank. Shortly before noon a lorry arrived, and workmen prepared a picnic lunch for the three of us—our host, Gourlay and me. Planks and trestles were unloaded and erected as a table and bench by the lakeside. A huge bonfire was started and furnished with a spit, large enough, I remarked, to roast a whole sheep—and at that moment a whole sheep was brought from the lorry, spitted and roasted for the three of us.

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

A resolution worth making on January 1 is to celebrate the birthdays or special anniversaries of friends or relations here or abroad with the gift of a subscription to "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." For twelve months the recipient will be reminded of your kindness, and grateful for the introduction to the world's oldest—and best—illustrated newspaper.

Orders for subscriptions may be placed with any bookstall manager, or newsagent, or they may be sent to the Subscription Department, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and the price of the subscription.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

Published at 2/- Weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.			6 months and Xmas No.			6 months without Xmas No.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
United Kingdom and Eire	5	16	6	3	0	0	2	16	6
Canada	5	14	0	2	19	0	2	15	0
Elsewhere Abroad	5	18	6	3	1	3	2	17	6



ATOP THE ROOF OF NORTH AMERICA : A HUGE ICE-BLOCK, NEAR SILVERTHRONE PASS, TWELVE MILES EAST OF MOUNT MCKINLEY
—AMERICA'S "MOUNT EVEREST"—IN THE ALASKA MOUNTAINS.

The loftiest peak in North America is mighty Mount McKinley, the 20,300-ft.- high peak in the Alaska Mountains. 'On' this page, and on following pages, we reproduce photographs of this great mountain and its approaches which have been sent to us by Dr. Bradford Washburn, Director of the Museum of Science in Boston, Massachusetts, who is a well-known mountaineer and whose knowledge

of Mount McKinley is probably second to none. Dr. Washburn has spent 234 days on Mount McKinley and its approaches, in every month of the year except January and February. He has climbed both of its two summits and reached the top of the South Peak three times. His wife is the only woman to have climbed either peak, and she reached the top of them both in 1947.

LOOKING ACROSS THE ROOF-TOP OF ALASKA: PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON AND NEAR "THE GREAT ONE"—MOUNT MCKINLEY—THE "EVEREST" OF NORTH AMERICA.



LOOKING ACROSS THE ROOF-TOP OF NORTH AMERICA: A VIEW SOUTHWARD FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT MCKINLEY, TAKEN IN THE EVENING OF JULY 10, 1951, AFTER THE FIRST ASCENT FROM THE WEST SIDE. THE HUGE FORTY-FOUR-MILE-LONG GLACIER IS THE KAHILTNA.

The highest mountain in North America, Mount McKinley, in Alaska, was named in 1896 after the Republican Presidential nominee of that year by W. A. Dickey, who was prospecting in the vicinity. But long before that year the Alaskan natives had called it Denali, "The Great One." The South Peak of the mountain, which is 20,300 ft. high, has been climbed nine times since Archdeacon Hudson Stuck's party reached the top for the first time in 1913. The North Peak, which is 19,450 ft. high, has been climbed three times. During World War II, Dr. Washburn took part in expeditions on and around Mount McKinley for

the purpose of testing emergency food, shelter and clothing for use in the Arctic. He became so fascinated by the mountain and amazed by how little was really known of it that in 1947 he started serious efforts to map the peak and its approaches, starting the work with aerial photographs taken by him for the National Geographic Society in 1936 on the first aerial photographic reconnaissance flights over the peak. The United States Government has given material assistance on four of Dr. Washburn's expeditions by arranging for the United States Air Force to drop supplies and take high-altitude stereo-map photographs.



THE HIGHEST POINT IN NORTH AMERICA: MOUNT MCKINLEY, TAKEN THROUGH A 24-IN. TELEPHOTO LENS (USING AN INFRARED PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE) FROM CAMP EIELSON (8,700 FT.), 33 MILES AWAY. NEW MAPS OF THE ALASKA MOUNTAINS OWE MUCH TO DR. WASHBURN'S EXPLORATIONS AND SURVEY WORK.

MAPPING AMERICA'S MOUNTAIN MONARCH:
THE 1953 MOUNT MCKINLEY EXPEDITION.



DURING THE 1953 EXPEDITION, WHICH COMPLETED THE DETAILED SURVEY OF THE PEAK: MRS. BARBARA WASHBURN AND MR. H. STEPHENSON WITH A U.S. COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY HELICOPTER AT 5300 FT. ON SUNSET GLACIER, EAST OF MOUNT MCKINLEY.



AT WORK ON THE RADIO: DR. BRADFORD WASHBURN TALKING TO A U.S. COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY PARTY. THESE TINY SIX-POUND TRANSMITTER-RECEIVERS WERE THE BACKBONE OF THE COMMUNICATIONS OF THE 1953 EXPEDITION.



OPERATING THE 24-IN. TELEPHOTO CAMERA WITH WHICH HE TOOK SOME OF HIS FINEST PHOTOGRAPHS: DR. WASHBURN WITH THE SHEET ALUMINIUM CAMERA, WHICH WAS BUILT FOR HIM AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF SCIENCE.



(ABOVE.) DR. TERRIS MOORE, AN EXPERT SKI-PLANE PILOT, AT THE HEAD OF KAHILTNA GLACIER, THE HIGHEST LANDING EVER MADE ON MOUNT MCKINLEY.

IN 1953 Dr. Bradford Washburn, some of whose remarkable photographs are reproduced on this page and elsewhere, completed his field observations for a new large-scale map of Mount McKinley—a long-term project which he started in 1947 and which necessitated observations at forty-five different survey stations on and around the peak. The photograph (centre, left) shows Dr. Terris Moore, who took part in the 1953 expedition, at the head of Kahiltna Glacier at 10,100 ft. on the west side of Mount McKinley. Dr. Moore, a former President of the University of Alaska and an expert ski-plane pilot, can be seen with the *Super-Cub* aircraft in which he made the highest landing ever to be made on the mountain. In addition to ski-wheels, it had a special 6-ft. low-pitch propeller to increase its take-off efficiency at high altitudes. Dr. Washburn's expeditions were the first to make constant use of snow houses (see lower left photograph) in exploratory mountaineering. He found them a vast improvement on tents and much warmer in sub-zero weather.



MRS. WASHBURN EXAMINING ONE OF THE ADJUSTABLE, WIND-DRIVEN FLASHING MIRROR-MARKERS WHICH WERE USED BY THE 1953 EXPEDITION. MRS. WASHBURN IS THE ONLY WOMAN TO HAVE CLIMBED MOUNT MCKINLEY.

STANDING BESIDE AN IGLOO BUILT FROM BLOCKS OF HARD-PACKED SNOW: MR. JIM GALE, A MEMBER OF DR. WASHBURN'S EXPEDITION, ON THE CREST OF KARSTEN'S RIDGE AT 12,000 FT.



BAD WEATHER BREAKS OVER DENALI—"THE GREAT ONE": A VICIOUS SOUTHERLY WIND-STORM BLOWING OVER THE TOP OF MOUNT MCKINLEY IN JUNE. THE WIND SPEED WAS AT LEAST 80 M.P.H. AND THE TEMPERATURE 15-20 BELOW ZERO FAHR. WHEN THIS AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN.



SPECKS IN THE SNOW: MEMBERS OF AN EXPEDITION TO MOUNT MCKINLEY SEEN AGAINST THE TREMENDOUS ICE-FACE OF MOUNT CARPÉ (12,550 FT.), WHICH TOWERS 4000 FT. ABOVE THEM. THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN WALL IS ALMOST HALF A MILE BEHIND THE CLIMBERS.

AMIDST THE ETERNAL SNOWS: THE SUMMIT AND ENVIRONS OF MOUNT MCKINLEY—NORTH AMERICA'S "EVEREST."

Alaska's great refuge of wild life, Mount McKinley National Park, is more than 3000 square miles in extent and its crowning glory is Mount McKinley itself, which is one of the coldest peaks on earth. The average wind speed and temperature on its summit compare almost exactly with those of Mount Everest. The latter, although 9000 ft. higher, is about 2000 miles further south. McKinley has one of the world's greatest snow-covers and

rises higher above the surrounding country than any other mountain in the world. The north face of Mount McKinley is a single unbroken precipice from its base at 4500 ft. to its summit almost 16,000 ft. above. Thanks chiefly to Dr. Washburn, whose photographs appear in these pages, an accurate and detailed map of North America's greatest mountain and its approaches will be completed and published in the next two or three years.

THE NOBLE SCULPTURES OF HATRA—PART II.: HER RULERS, HUMAN AND DIVINE.

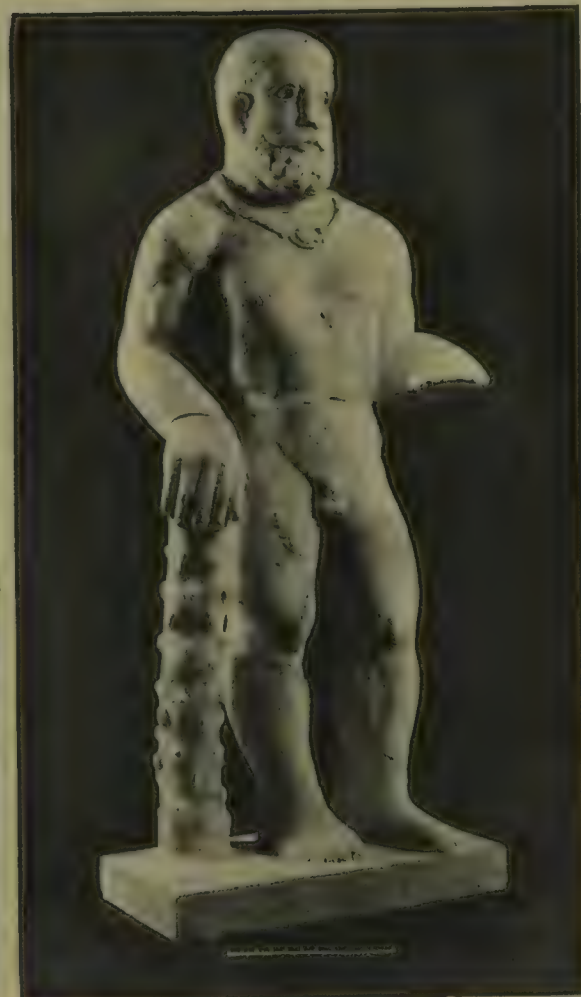


FIG. 2. A LIMESTONE RELIEF. THE CENTRAL FIGURE IS THE MOST CELEBRATED PRE-ISLAMIC DEITY OF ARABIA, ALLAT, HERE IDENTIFIED WITH ATHENE AND BEARING THE MEDUSA HEAD ON HER BREAST. THE OTHER TWO DEITIES ARE PERHAPS AL-UZZA AND MENAT. (Metre scale.)

FIG. 3. A POPULAR DEITY, HERCULES: AN IMPRESSIVE MARBLE STATUE. HE IS SHOWN WITH HIS CLUB AND (ORIGINALLY) A LION-SKIN OVER THE LEFT ARM. THE EYES ARE INLAID WITH SHELL AND BLACK STONE. (Scale in centimetres.)

FIG. 1 (LEFT). A LIFE-SIZE MARBLE STATUE OF UTHAL, KING OF HATRA, WEARING THE CHARACTERISTIC CROWN OF HATRA. HE IS DRESSED IN PARTHIAN TROUSERS AND TUNIC, AND A CLOAK, PERHAPS, OF FUR. (Metre scale.)



FIG. 4. A NOBLE LIFE-SIZE HEAD IN MARBLE, MOST PROBABLY THAT OF SANATRUQ, THE MOST FAMOUS KING OF HATRA. THE HAIR IS DRESSED IN PARTHIAN FASHION AND THE EAGLE PROBABLY SYMBOLISES TRIUMPH, PERHAPS DEIFICATION. (Scale in centimetres.)

FIG. 5. ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND IMPRESSIVE OF THE SCULPTURES FOUND AT HATRA. IT IS A LIFE-SIZE WORK IN LIMESTONE, VERY FINELY CARVED, AND ALTHOUGH THE HAIR AND BEARD ARE CONVENTIONALISED, THE HEAD NEVERTHELESS GIVES THE IMPRESSION OF BEING AN INDIVIDUAL PORTRAIT.

In our issue of December 18 we published an article on recent discoveries at the desert fortress-shrine of Hatra, some 93 miles south-west of Mosul, by Dr. NAJIAL ASIL, the Director-General of Antiquities in Iraq, and reproduced with it a number of photographs of the remarkable sculptures found during the last four seasons of excavation there. Hatra had a relatively short life—from about the beginning of the Christian era to its destruction by the Sassanians about A.D. 240—but during this short period it appears to have enjoyed under its Mesopotamian Arab kings an extraordinary strength and prosperity. It was, too, a holy city, and from

the ten temples which have so far been uncovered has come an extraordinary wealth of sculpture; and in this issue we reproduce a number of fine statues, which we were unable to include before. Originally each temple seems to have been dedicated to a single deity and to have contained, as a rule, a statue of that deity with his spouse. Later, images of other deities were added; and also the statues and memorials of kings and queens and other human notables. The Pantheon of Hatra seems to have been one of pre-Islamic deities, for the most part identified with Greek and Roman deities. The chief god,

(Continued opposite.)

NEWLY FOUND STATUARY FROM HATRA: IN STONE, COPPER AND IVORY.



FIG. 6. A SMALL STATUETTE IN COPPER OF THE GOD HERMES, IDENTIFIED BY THE THREE ATTRIBUTES, PURSE, STAFF AND RAM. THE NECKLACE, ANKLETS AND BRACELET ARE OF SILVER. (Scale in centimetres.)



FIG. 7. AN IVORY DISC, CARVED IN HIGH RELIEF, SHOWING, MOST PROBABLY, A GROUP OF DEITIES TAKING COUNSEL TOGETHER. THE TWO CENTRAL SEATED FIGURES ARE MOST PROBABLY ZEUS AND HERA, WITH, ON THE LEFT, HERCULES BEARING HIS USUAL ATTRIBUTES OF CLUB AND LION-SKIN. (Scale in centimetres.)



FIG. 8. AN UNKNOWN WINGED DEITY, CARVED IN HIGH RELIEF IN MARBLE. HE IS WEARING PARTHIAN DRESS AND CARRIES A DAGGER POINTED TOWARDS A CAREFULLY CARVED IBEX. BEHIND HIM IS A SNAKE. (Scale in centimetres.)
Continued.
Shamash, a sun-god, is sometimes identified with Zeus; Allat is identified with Athene; and a god named Malak or Malik is simply a Hatra name for Hercules. The statuary which portrays such deities is similarly mixed in manner and shows a curious but powerful blend of Eastern and Western styles. The kings and queens, however, are usually shown in Parthian dress; and in general the character of sculpture is much more Eastern, some of the statues of queens, for example, being almost Indian in style. Of the heads reproduced in this issue probably the finest are those of King Sanatruq (Fig. 4) and the unidentified noble (Fig. 5). The latter is a dominating figure, and has an almost late-Gothic nobility and pensiveness. Some of the statues (Fig. 3 and two of those in Fig. 9) have the eyes inlaid with shell and black stone and this gives them a pronounced staring look.



FIG. 9. THREE UNIDENTIFIED DEITIES IN FINE MARBLE—LESS THAN LIFE-SIZE. THE RIGHT-HAND ONE WAS FOUND WITH HERCULES (FIG. 3) AND MAY BE HIS CONSORT. THE OTHER TWO WERE FOUND TOGETHER AND MAY BE A PARTHIAN DEITY AND HIS CONSORT. (Scale in centimetres.)



FIG. 10. A GRIFFIN—OR BEARDED AND WINGED LIONESS—IN COPPER, ELEGANTLY MODELLED AND SHOWN IN BACK AND SIDE VIEWS. PERHAPS ORIGINALLY A HANDLE. (Scale in centimetres.)
Photographs copyright of the Iraq Museum.



PRINTERS tell me that the most difficult colour to deal with is gold, which is no doubt one reason among several why reproductions of medieval paintings are so unsatisfactory, the gold appearing brassy and throwing everything out of key in consequence. The firm of Skira has solved this problem triumphantly, and the proof, if proof were required, is to be found in its recent publication, "Gothic Painting," in which gold gleams softly on every page and the many other colours are orchestrated with extreme sensibility. Illustrations are gathered from all over Europe: one can be checked with ease in this country, the Wilton Diptych in the National Gallery, and few readers will be found to criticise this Skira rendering. In one small matter two or three of the more picky among us may raise a disbelieving eyebrow. That will be when we reach the few pages devoted to stained glass, and here everyone has his own special memories, depending upon the quality of the light on the occasion he happened to be in, say, the Cathedral of Chartres; for stained glass, to many minds the noblest of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century contributions to Western art, can change in accent from day to day—indeed, from hour to hour and minute to minute—so that to imprison its quality in a reproduction—and, what is more, a reproduction on paper on a necessarily small scale—must be beyond the wit of man. The form is there and the colours—near enough—but the vitality has been drained away. None the less, if the three windows illustrated are for these reasons failures, they are magnificent failures, and only fall short of perfection because the task is impossible; by contrast, the miniatures which follow them are so good that one can almost believe that the original illuminated manuscripts from which they are taken have been cut out and pasted in the book.

It is easy for the twentieth century to think itself back a couple of hundred years or so to a period when, to the very best people, the term "Gothic" denoted merely something quaint, barbarous and absurd—a mere darkness from which the light of reason had delivered them. Some of us regret the term was ever invented, for it is little more than an awkward label concealing as much as it reveals and meaning different things to different men; to some a special kind of elongated refinement, to others a particularly naive approach to the visible world, so that not everyone



"THE KNIGHTING OF SAINT MARTIN" (DETAIL); BY SIMONE MARTINI (1284-1344): FRESCO BETWEEN 1320-1330, IN THE LOWER CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO, ASSISI.

"All the characteristics of Simone's art are present unmistakably in the frescos of the Chapel of Saint Martin at Assisi: his poetic feeling, his special way of handling visual data, his ideal of beauty and perfectly balanced composition."

would readily class a great innovator like Giotto as a "Gothic" painter. But there the label is, for better or worse, and used in this book to denote the painting of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Europe, with a brief excursion into the fifteenth century—a scheme

* On this page Frank Davis reviews *The Great Centuries of Painting—"Gothic Painting."* Text by Jacques Dupont and Cesare Gnudi, translated by Stuart Gilbert. 110 reproductions in full colour (Skira: £7 7s.); and *"Egyptian Painting."* Text by Arpag Mekhitarian, Secretary-General of the *Fondation Egyptologique Reine Elizabeth* at Brussels, translated by Stuart Gilbert. 95 reproductions in full colour (Skira: £7 7s.). Distributed in Britain by A. Zwemmer.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. EGYPTIAN AND GOTHIC.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

which enables the publishers to omit the Low Countries, whose contributions to the world's beauty can be said to have begun only in the fifteenth century, and which will be dealt with in a later volume.

The text is shared between Monsieur Jacques Dupont and Signor Cesare Gnudi. I quote a shrewd comment by the former on the subject of colour: We are, he writes, "incapable to-day of appreciating that wealth of vivid colours—red, blue, white, black, pink and gold—which was the glory of a cathedral such as that of Lausanne, whose 'Painted Portal' still bore traces of the original colors as late as 1880. These colors, garish to the modern eye,



FROM THE TOMB OF HAREMHAB, AN ARMY OFFICER UNDER KING TUTHMOSIS IV. (MID-EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY, C. 1422-1411 B.C.) AT THEBES: A LOCUST ON A HUGE STYLISED PAPYRUS.

"There are two decorated chambers in the tomb of Haremhob. . . . In the first are scenes of banqueting, offerings, recruiting, a parade of foreign tributaries before the Pharaoh, in the second the funeral procession . . . and scenes of fowling and fishing. . . . Turning to the tiny locust in the fowling scene. . . . Each detail is wonderfully true to life. . . . Less than 5 ins. long, the locust is no more than a tiny fragment of a scene covering the entire wall, but the artist has drawn attention to it by leaving a wide, empty space all around it. . . ."

no longer exist; all that remains is the cold skeleton of stone—which satisfies our 'refined' contemporary taste" (I remember how surprised I was, years and years ago, to learn that the Greeks painted both statues and temples—and even to-day a painted Parthenon is difficult to imagine.) A little later he has this comment upon the Sainte-Chapelle in Paris: "which achieves the prodigious feat of being, in effect, a vast glass tent upheld by a slim armature of stone, concealed by gilding and painted decorations. This amazing multicoloured shrine is the first impressionist venture on the monumental scale; all the decorations, whether painted or translucent, and even the cunningly placed incrustations of gilt or colored glass in the spandrels, break up the light into elements that merge in the beholder's eye, and from this haze of broken lights emerges an atmosphere befitting the House of God. . . . The color forms part of the edifice, one might even say it is the edifice itself, just as it is a gorgeous sublimation of everyday human activity at its best. . . ." How appreciative would those early builders have been of a recent imaginative use of this beautiful building, when a sacred concert was held within it, the only illumination being provided by floodlighting from outside directed at those magnificent windows. In addition to details from more famous works—for example, Giotto's frescoes at Padua, or those by Simone Martini at Assisi—we are also given glimpses of early paintings, now to all intents and purposes inaccessible, at Prague.

The second Skira volume to be welcomed here deals with Egyptian Painting—from about 2700 B.C. down to the twentieth dynasty (1200-1085 B.C.). While many readers will be familiar with the majority of the illustrations in the previous volume, those who know their way about among the tombs of the Nile Valley are few indeed,

and publications concerning them are highly specialised and expensive with, I note, the single exception of a Penguin "Egyptian Painting," by Nina M. Davies. The text, by Mr. Mekhitarian, Secretary-General of the *Fondation Egyptologique Reine Elizabeth* at Brussels, is at once scholarly and enthusiastic, but I wonder whether every reader will share his enthusiasm. It sounds a trifle Philistine, no doubt, but I find it irksome to imagine generation after generation of earnest tomb-furnishers never escaping from profile portraits, and never once emerging from two into three dimensions. This, in view of the

majestic achievement of the Egyptians as sculptors, is very odd indeed. Yet, within the strict canon of their hieratic convention, how good they can be, how keen an eye they have for the ordinary business of life and—in contrast to the stylised and generally wooden character of the humans, how beautifully they understand the movements of animals!—and how cleverly they indicate the rhythm of marching men! I think of them as wonderful pattern-makers rather than as painters in the sense in which the term is understood elsewhere, and of this great gift there are numerous examples, notably the ceiling decoration on page 53 and the fish on page 89—what designs for a textile manufacturer!

Birds and animals, unlike the humans, are instinct with life—the solemn geese from Meidum, the calf being carried on a man's back over a ford and looking anxiously at the cow following, with the hieroglyphic caption, "Don't be anxious, mother! Your babe won't come to harm" (page 13)—and then, from a later age, the dying fox (page 59). Yet though, as a rule, the human beings have masks rather than faces and rigid unarticulated limbs, occasionally the painter forgets his schooling and remembers that his clients, though apparently obsessed by death, managed also to enjoy life; hence dancing and music and banquets, with the men behaving rather badly, and, in one or two examples, a delicious sense of humour, as when the painter of the tomb of Dehuti gave a charming shy smile to a little slave girl pouring liquid into the cupped hands of a guest. "The hastily written inscriptions above the figures were undoubtedly," says the author, "added later when this tomb was 'usurped.' There are traces of other retouchings: for example, the diaphanous garment on the girl's body, originally naked. It was Dehutmehb, the second owner of the tomb, who dressed her thus—out of prudery, one might have supposed, were it not that the inscription shows him to have been a manufacturer of fine linen." Elsewhere we read:

"After three thousand years' oblivion Egyptian art has come into its own, thanks to our modern eclecticism and emancipation from the canons of Greek art." Some, remembering the enormous eyes, straight from the Nile Valley, in certain of Picasso's more exasperating pictures, will count that a doubtful blessing, and will cling more firmly to the gods of Greece, on the ground



"A VISION OF ETHEREAL LOVELINESS": "THE PRINCESS"; BY PISANELLO (1395 C.-1455). DETAIL FROM THE FRESCO "ST. GEORGE AND THE PRINCESS," C. 1435, CHURCH OF SANT'ANASTASIA, VERONA.

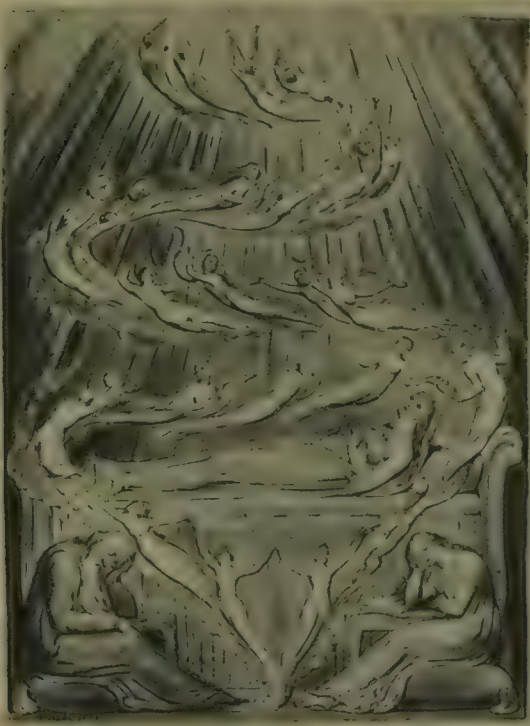
The world of Pisanello "is peopled with unforgettable figures incarnations of aristocratic elegance, of mundane grace and charm; for example, the angel in the Church of San Fermo at Verona, the Princess in the frescos in the Church of Sant'Anastasia. . . ." The latter is from "St. George and the Princess," the only one of Pisanello's large frescos that has survived.

Illustrations from "Gothic Painting" and "Egyptian Painting," the books reviewed on this page; by courtesy of the publishers.

that a convention so alien to western tradition cannot be transplanted. None the less, the grace, the dignity, sometimes even the dry humour of these painters, are not to be gainsaid; what we have to do, surely, is to resist firmly the suggestion that they can in any way be compared to the great masters of either the West or the Far East.



"AS YOU LIKE IT": JACQUES "WEeping AND COMMENTING UPON THE SOBBING DEER"; ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827) IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S NEWLY ACQUIRED SECOND FOLIO.



"HENRY VIII.": KATHARINE OF ARAGON'S VISION OF A "BLESSED TROOP . . . WHOSE BRIGHT FACES CAST THOUSAND BEAMS UPON ME"; AN ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827).



"JULIUS CÆSAR": "I THINK IT IS THE WEAKNESS OF MINE EYES THAT SHAPES THIS MONSTROUS APPARITION"; CÆSAR'S GHOST APPEARS TO BRUTUS, HIS FORMER FRIEND; BY WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827).



"HAMLET": "THE SERPENT THAT DID STING THY FATHER'S LIFE NOW WEARS HIS CROWN"; THE PRINCE OF DENMARK HEARS HIS FATHER'S GHOST ACCUSE CLAUDIUS, HIS UNCLE; BY WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827).



AN ALLEGORICAL SUBJECT, PERHAPS DESIGNED TO SYMBOLISE THE POETIC INSPIRATION OF SHAKESPEARE; AN ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BLAKE TO THE SECOND FOLIO, WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



"RICHARD III.": "METHOUGHT THE SOULS OF ALL THAT I HAD MURDERED CAME TO MY TENT"; THE USURPING KING ASSAILED BY THE GHOSTS OF HIS VICTIMS; BY WILLIAM BLAKE.



"KING JOHN": "HERE I AND SORROW SIT, HERE IS MY THRONE, BID KINGS COME BOW TO IT"; CONSTANCE AND YOUNG PRINCE ARTHUR; BY JOHN FLAXMAN (1755-1826).



"THE WINTER'S TALE": "... THY MOTHER APPEARED TO ME LAST NIGHT; FOR NE'ER WAS DREAM SO LIKE A WAKING . . ."; ANTIGONUS'S VISION OF HERMIONE; BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, R.A. (1751-1801).



"KING LEAR": "WHAT, HATH YOUR GRACE NO BETTER COMPANY?" GLOUCESTER, LEAR; AND EDGAR, DISGUISED AS A 'MADMAN'; IN THE NOVEL; BY GEORGE HENRY HARLOW (1787-1819).

INCLUDING BLAKE WATER-COLOURS: ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S NEWLY-ACQUIRED SECOND FOLIO.

The British Museum recently acquired a copy of the Second Folio of the works of William Shakespeare, published in 1672, and later enriched with a series of illustrations by William Blake and other artists working in the early nineteenth century, including John Flaxman, George Henry Harlow, William Hamilton and William Mulready. The Folio, which was bought under the terms of the will of Mr. W. E. F. Macmillan of Cleveland, Yorks,

had belonged to his family for many years; and most of the illustrations it contains were done early in the nineteenth century at the request of the then owner. The Folio is stated to be a somewhat poor copy, lacking several leaves at the beginning, but the illustrations by Blake, Flaxman and the other artists render it of exceptional interest. The volume is recorded in Alexander Gilchrist's "Life of William Blake."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



FAIRY-TALES FROM THE FAR NORTH.

ONCE more we have reached the season when the thoughts of many turn to northern latitudes, snow and fairy-tales. My theme includes these things. The first fairy-tale concerns the Barrow ground squirrel. If it is not a fairy-tale but hard fact, but it

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

available minute. Bad weather does not deter them, neither rain, cold, nor bitter wind. They will return from feeding on the scanty vegetation with the cheek-pouches stuffed with food and a bunch of grass for the nest held in the teeth. They will feed on leaves, stems, flowers, roots, seeds, carrion and offal of any kind, including carcasses of other squirrels. Yet for all the urgency they do not work all hours of daylight. The sun is above the horizon for twenty-four hours from the second week in May to the first week in August, yet the working day of the ground squirrel is only seventeen hours or so at the peak period.

Burrowing does not absorb much time apparently. Although not obviously equipped for this work, a squirrel has been seen to make a tunnel 37½ ft. long inside twenty-four hours, and the longest burrow found was only 68 ft. The maximum depth of a burrow is 8 ft.

If the activity and achievement of the adults is remarkable, that of the young is even more so. Born in early June, they achieve adult weight in about forty-two days, and, having also made provision for the long sleep, they enter hibernation a month after the adults, in late September or early October.

Barrow ground squirrels have practically no enemies, yet their populations remain more or less static, in spite of the litter-size of five to ten. There are several probable causes. First, the female will eat any young she cannot

of a conflict of impulses, the impulse to seek safety by running away and the impulse to stay and protect the nest. The nervous turmoil set up by this conflict results in partial and temporary paralysis of a wing or a leg. If the intruder follows the hen there comes the time when her impulses are no longer in conflict. Her nest is safe, paralysis disappears, and the hen flies up and around to return to her nest. If the intruder ignores the hen and stays in the region of the nest, the hen is subject to even more nervous strain, more conflict, and she flaps about even more, with the likely result that the intruder is finally drawn to notice the hen and move away from the vicinity of the nest.

Not all distraction displays are as simple as this. In some, as in the purple sandpiper, the hen, in leaving the nest, crouches, humps her back, runs in a zigzag manner, squealing like a rat. In Bear Island, where the purple sandpiper nests, the Arctic fox prowls. It is suggested that when the hen sandpiper behaves like this the fox mistakes her for a small mammal. Now, it is difficult to see quite what is gained if this could be proved true. As for the luring of the fox from the nest, one would have thought that it would follow a bird, seemingly injured, as readily as a small mammal. In any event, a fox, unlike a human being, hunts with nose, eyes and ears all in action at once. His nose would say "bird" even if his eyes told him "mammal." However, the case of the dunlin is even more spectacular, for as it runs it not only humps its back and squeals like a rat, but spreads its tail, and there, running down the centre, is a black mark that looks rather like a rat's tail. So the deception is complete. That, at least, is the theory; but doubt may be cast upon it by the behaviour of the ground squirrel which, as we have seen, has virtually no enemies, yet if alarmed near the burrow it humps its back, spreads its tail and runs calling like a bird. There is certainly no conflict of impulses: that squirrel knows where it is going and why it is going there.



LIVING IN THE FAR NORTH ON THE FROZEN TUNDRA OF POINT BARROW: THE BARROW GROUND SQUIRREL WHICH SLEEPS FOR NINE MONTHS IN THE YEAR, EMERGING FROM ITS HIBERNACULUM IN EARLY MAY. BETWEEN MAY AND THE END OF AUGUST IT FORAGES FOR SUFFICIENT FOOD TO LAY UP FAT IN ITS OWN BODY AND ACCUMULATE STORES IN THE BURROW, ALL IN THIS BRIEF SPACE OF TIME.

Photograph by O. J. Murie, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

has in it sufficient to make it fantastic. In recent years William V. Mayer and his collaborators have been studying the ground squirrels of Point Barrow, on the northern coast of Alaska. There the snow persists for most of the year and the ground is permanently frozen to a depth of many hundred feet. With the short summer the earth may thaw to a depth of a few inches or, at most, a few feet. The best thaw is in areas of good drainage, where the soil is sandy and raised in hillocks. On these "islands," where, in addition to the other advantages, the risk of spring flooding is low, the ground squirrels have their burrows.

There is nothing unusual in the appearance of the Barrow ground squirrel, but there is in its habits. It sleeps for nine months in the year and must pack everything else into the remaining three. In early May the ground squirrels leave their burrows to look out on a world still snow-covered, and in which the dead, dry vegetation of last year is hidden under the mantle of white. At first they do not go far from the burrows, perhaps 4 ft. at most, and they feed on the stores accumulated in the burrow last year. As the air warms up and the snow recedes the vegetation springs into life, and for the ground squirrels the season has begun in earnest. There is a good deal of fighting, of running from burrow to burrow, and this continues until the time comes again for hibernation. But over and above this general activity, mating takes place towards the end of May and the young are born some twenty-five days later, in litters of five to ten.

The young are born naked and blind, the eyes opening twenty days later. Hair starts to grow on the second day, and by the tenth day the body is entirely covered with short hair. In July, about twenty-two days after birth, and two days after the eyes have opened, the young leave the burrow and start foraging. At first they stay close to the burrow, but gradually go further afield, and within the fortnight may have gone as much as two miles away to occupy a deserted burrow or excavate a new one. With her family gone, the female starts to feed herself to repair the loss from feeding and brooding her young. The males, which are polygamous and move about a good deal in search of mates, also start to feed heavily, and by the end of August or beginning of September the adult squirrels have laid in the necessary fat for hibernation, have repaired and cleaned-up the burrows, have accumulated nesting material and a food-store, and are ready once more to hibernate.

The behaviour of the squirrels throughout is as if they were aware of the urgent need to use every

adequately brood, and will eat the young added to her own from another litter. Then there must be heavy casualties among the young. Some are doubtless forced to move further afield to find living-space. This will take them to grounds with even more scanty vegetation and less chance for survival. Even if not forced on to inhospitable ground, they may fail to find enough food, fail to store enough, fail to burrow sufficiently deep. They may be frozen in the burrow, if the weather turns unusually cold in the period of hibernation. And it seems that cannibalism cannot be ruled out, the first to awake eating the others as they sleep. This, at least, has happened in hibernacula provided by man. Cramming a year of life into three months may be strange but it is true.

The second fairy-story concerns squirrels but indirectly. To appreciate it we have to recall that many birds, especially those nesting on the ground, are given to injury-feigning or distraction displays. If the hen brooding eggs or chicks is alarmed she will slip off the nest and, sooner or later, behave as if she were injured, hanging one wing as if it were broken, or hobbling as if a leg were hurt, and so on. The theory, which sounds reasonable, is that by doing this the hen distracts the attention of a nest-robber from her eggs or chicks. This seemingly intelligent behaviour is said by animal psychologists to be the result



SITTING UP: THE BARROW GROUND SQUIRREL WHICH MEASURES 8½ TO 13½ INS., HEAD AND BODY, WITH A TAIL 3 TO 6 INS. LONG; IT WEIGHS 1 TO 2½ LB. IT IS TAWNY TO REDDISH-BROWN IN COLOUR, ABUNDANTLY FLECKED WITH WHITE ON THE BACK, WITH FEET, LEGS AND UNDERSIDES OF TAIL TAWNY. THERE IS NOTHING UNUSUAL IN THIS SQUIRREL'S APPEARANCE, BUT THERE IS IN ITS HABITS.

Photograph by L. J. Palmer, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



DIED ON DECEMBER 15 : ADMIRAL SIR WILFRED PATTERSON.

Admiral Sir W. Patterson, who was sixty-one, was in command of the battleship *King George V.* during the action which resulted in the sinking of the German battleship *Bismarck* in 1941. He entered Osborne College as a cadet in 1906 and in World War I. served in torpedo-boats.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN RELEASED FROM POLICE CUSTODY : HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MINDSZENTY.

In February 1949 Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary, was sentenced to life imprisonment on a charge of "spying." A Roman Catholic News Agency in Vienna reported on December 16 that his Eminence had been released.

MANAGING DIRECTOR ROLLS-ROYCE AERO ENGINE DIVISION : MR. J. D. PEARSON. Mr. J. D. Pearson, appointed managing director of the Aero Engine Division, Rolls-Royce Ltd., joined the aero engine design staff as a graduate engineer in 1933; became general sales and service manager, Aero Division, 1948; and joined the Board in 1949.



WEARING HER HAIR DRESSED IN A NEW STYLE : H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.

When Princess Margaret went to the London Casino on December 16 to see "Cinerama" for the third time, she wore her hair in a new style, arranged in smooth waves.



INVOLVED IN A TELEVISION CONTROVERSY : MR. ANTHONY NUTTING.

The statement that a Chinese Communist attack on Formosa would invoke collective action by the U.N. as used in Korea, which Mr. Nutting, Minister of State, made during a television interview in the U.S.A. on Dec. 12, has since been the cause of much comment.

THE NEW RECTOR OF THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY : PROFESSOR R. P. LINSTAD.

Prof. Linstead takes up his appointment on Jan. 1. He became Professor of Organic Chemistry and Director of the Organic Chemistry Laboratories at the College in 1949 and is Dean of the Royal College of Science.



WELCOMING THE SHAH OF PERSIA (RIGHT) TO WASHINGTON : MR. EISENHOWER, PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A.

The Shah, with Queen Soraya (centre), arrived in Washington by air on December 13. They were entertained to luncheon by the President and Mrs. Eisenhower (left) at the White House.

MANAGING DIRECTOR, ROLLS-ROYCE MOTOR CAR DIVISION : DR. F. LLEWELLYN SMITH. Dr. F. Llewellyn Smith, appointed managing director, Motor Car Division, Rolls-Royce Ltd., joined the Company on the aero engine side in 1933, became general manager of the re-formed Car Division at the end of the war, and a director in 1947.



AFTER CROWNING THE "QUEEN OF LIGHT" IN STOCKHOLM : PROFESSOR MAX BORN, NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER FOR PHYSICS. The Swedish "Queen of Light," crowned on December 13 with the traditional crown of spruce leaves and lighted candles, is selected by the people of Stockholm to reign over the Festival of St. Lucia, and symbolises for Sweden the spirit of Christmas.



DIED ON DECEMBER 15 : MR. R. W. HATHAWAY, SEIGNEUR OF SARK, SEEN WITH HIS WIFE, THE DAME OF SARK.

Mr. Hathaway, who married the Dame of Sark in 1929, was sixty-seven. He was an American by birth, but became a naturalised British subject after World War I. During the German occupation of Sark in World War II, he was deported to Germany.



SEATED BELOW HIS PORTRAIT WITH A GROUP OF THE ELDER BROTHERS OF TRINITY HOUSE, WHO GAVE HIM A DINNER TO CELEBRATE HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY :

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL (FOURTH FROM LEFT), ONE OF THEIR COMPANY, AT TRINITY HOUSE, TOWER HILL, LONDON.

Sir Winston Churchill was entertained to dinner by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House at Tower Hill on December 16, in honour of his eightieth birthday, which fell on November 30. Shown in the group are (front row, l. to r.) Lord Cunningham; Lord Templewood; Captain W. R. Chaplin; Sir Winston Churchill; The Master (The Duke of Gloucester); the Duke of Edinburgh; the Deputy Master (Captain

Sir Gerald Curteis); Lord Monsell; Captain R. L. F. Hubbard. (Back row.) Captain R. J. Galpin; Captain C. G. H. Noakes; Lord Alexander; Captain A. S. Mackay; Lord Mountbatten; Captain C. St. G. Glasson; Mr. C. R. Attlee; Captain T. L. Owen; Captain D. Dunn; Captain K. Mc. M. Drake; and Captain G. P. McCraith. Sir Winston has been an Elder Brother since 1913.



HOW ANIMALS ADAPT THEMSELVES TO A WHITE CHRISTMAS: SOME METHODS EMPLOYED BY

Animals dislike bad weather as much as we do and for much the same reasons, and some of their ways of dealing with it are not unlike ours. As winter approaches those that can do so fly south to find the sun, or, like the waxwings, come south to find food. Some animals go into hibernation, and for those that do not the winter means longer periods of sleep, not only on account of the longer nights but also because the cold is apt to discourage activity out-of-doors. The squirrel gathers damp, dead leaves to line its nest and who can tell possibly to warm the hollow cavity in the tree with heat from the decaying vegetation. Very severe weather, especially when it brings snow and ice, can spell distress if not disaster,

especially for water-birds. Coot have been seen with their lobed toes caked with ice, and when the ice really closes the heron is at a severe disadvantage, slithering and sliding, unable to comprehend why it cannot spear the bodies moving under the ice, visible but unobtainable. When there is ice on the water swans swim in a circle to keep it open. Otters crash the ice, using the air trapped beneath it to continue their normal foraging, returning finally through the hole by which they entered. Thick and prolonged snow may cause changes in habits, as, for instance, when fieldfares, in the severe winter of 1947, took to the trees. In any event, they had come south to avoid this kind of weather and were more at a loss than those birds

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.

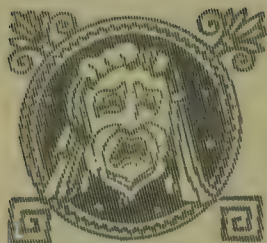


BIRDS AND BEASTS TO FEED AND KEEP THEMSELVES WARM DURING A HARD FREEZE-UP.

which annually experience snow. Ptarmigan know how to burrow through it for food, and the hare uses the earth's cold mantle to advantage, burrowing into it, with the mouth of the burrow facing south. More resourceful still, perhaps, was the fox in a London park whose tracks in the snow showed how it had visited each litter-basket for scraps. Perhaps it did this all the year round and the snow merely brought detection. Heavy snow or hard and prolonged frost may drive otter and rat to the seashore, as well as inland water-birds, but it brings the gulls inland. Heavy snow is not all distress and disaster, however, and some of the trails left in it suggest that bird and beast, like human beings, do not despise winter sports,

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.

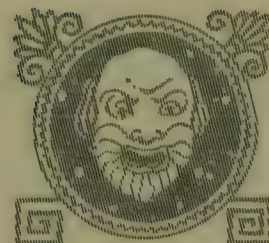
although we can seldom spy them at it. We are told that rabbits and hares will gambol in the snow and others will deliberately use a slope in the ground for tobogganing. A more practical use is seen in the otters' method of travelling over-land, by alternately running a few paces and then sliding on the belly. But on the whole, it is quite certain that animals dislike bad weather as much as we do, even heavy rain. This drives the rooks to shelter under thick pine boughs, and, most surprising in an aquatic beast, causes the water vole to drag food into its burrow, exposing itself as little as possible to the falling water-drops as it collects the grass surrounding the mouth of its home in the river-bank.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

NEW FACES AND OLD JUNK.

By ALAN DENT.



RATHER to my consternation I find I have recently written and published a travel-journal about America without a single mention of the most vital phenomenon I found in the whole of its theatre. This was not a dramatist nor a play. It was a dusky little revue-artist with the down-to-earth name of Eartha Kitt, whom I saw fourteen months ago in Chicago in a brilliant but tired revue called "New Faces."

Already her songs had entered my consciousness. For you cannot—or could not a year ago—stay any time in any bar in the whole of the U.S.A. without very soon being regaled by a juke-box delivering Eartha Kitt's voice singing "C'est si bon" or "Monotonous" or "Santa Baby." They were the carols of a daughter of joy. They were insinuating, sophisticated, "not quite nice"—as a Scottish maiden lady would say—and that may very well be why I did not (so to speak) write home about them. When a milky-coffee-coloured child of nature in a white fox pelt looks out at the falling snow and conjures Father Christmas in such terms as:

Santa Cutie
Come shootin' down the chimney
To-night! . . .

British eyebrows tend to go up and stay up.

But when we see Miss Kitt as well as hear her—most especially when we see her in close-up as in the film made out of this same revue, "New Faces"—it is obvious to any but the most prejudiced intelligence that she is a considerable and a well-disciplined little artist. Her technique, in fact, belies the sophistication of her ditties. She does not ogle or undulate. It is odd to note, in fact, that she ignores her audience almost all of the time, so that when she does at long last choose to pay any attention to us, it is by looking (so to speak) right into our eyes with a shrewd and merciless stare that is very nearly disconcerting in its directness. Her strange order of beauty is, when your senses allow you to examine it, austere rather than voluptuous. She is a model for Sir Jacob Epstein, and no mere cover or uncover girl.

Yet another remarkable feature of Miss Kitt is her aloofness. Just as she hardly notices her audience, so she hardly notices the other artists in this filmed revue. Her half-a-dozen songs are solos, and when she condescends to join others in the delivery of a sentimental ditty called "Love is a Simple Thing," it is with a harsh, interpolated stanza, dispassionately delivered, to the effect that love is just a pain in the neck. No sooner has she submitted her interpolation than she simply and suavely sidles off the screen.

an axe and gave her father forty whacks." This does not "come off" nearly so well in the film as it did in the theatre—ballets never do! But it was delightful again to hear its witty music with its ingenious cross-rhythms, which keeps on reverting to the refrain:

For you can't chop your Poppa up in—
Massachusetts!

The best of the rest is a very elaborate skit at the expense of "Death of a Salesman," in which a

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MISS EARTHA KITT IN A SCENE FROM "NEW FACES," WHICH IS DISCUSSED BY MR. DENT ON THIS PAGE.

In selecting Miss Eartha Kitt as his choice for the outstanding actress of the fortnight, Mr. Dent writes: "This is Eartha Kitt, sophisticated and yet unsophisticated, warm-hearted and yet icy, cold in her gaze, beautiful and yet bizarre in her looks, utterly detached and yet utterly intimate. She sings, and purrs like a Siamese cat between her song's verses, and then suddenly smiles in a way that adds healthy wit to her worldly little ditties. She would inspire a marvellous poem in a Verlaine—if we had a Verlaine. She is of the earth, earthy, but also of the air, airy, and the fire, fiery. She is, in a word, elemental, and immensely to be seen if you can find her film, 'New Faces,' which is for the present only on view at Granada Cinemas—December 20 at Clapham Junction and at Sevenoaks."

good, toothy comedian called Paul Lynde goes through paroxysms of over-acted agony as a pickpocket discovering that his son has taken to healthy practices like baseball and gone to the good. Hardly less funny is the distorted grimacing of Alice Ghostley as the no less appalled mother of this deplorably virtuous

clear that all antique dealers are rotten to the core—like Mr. Lynde's pickpocket or, come to that, like Miss Beatrice Lillie's notorious friend Maud in one of that spanking goddess's wittiest songs.

The trouble with "Make Me an Offer" is that it has been written without irony and directed without any sense of humour. I have yet to read Mr. Wolf Mankowitz's novel on which it is based, but I know enough of this writer's work to feel convinced that his intentions have been misrepresented in this film and that his satirical bent has been turned into heavy-footed solemnity.

The more's the pity. For here we have some very good players indeed, all of them slightly at a loss with a story which never quite establishes its own mood so that we never fully understand whether they are "out" to thrill us or amuse us, or make us indignant. We have Peter Finch as a not-very-successful antique dealer who suddenly discovers the whereabouts of a valuable green Wedgwood vase. He had grown up with a love of Wedgwood instilled by his father, a street dealer adorably presented by that superlative actor, Wilfrid Lawson, of whom we see far too little in this film or anywhere else. We have also Ernest Thesiger, marvellously expressive even with his eyes shut, as a drowsy nonagenarian who, more than a generation ago, had been a party to the theft of the priceless vase.

This film sets a not-uninteresting situation. But it leaves many important issues quite obscure. It does not reveal why the nonagenarian should have left his most precious possession covered with dust in an attic among a deal of junk. Nor why his belongings, both good and worthless, should be left to the extremely tender mercies of an untidy, red-headed great-granddaughter (Adrienne Corri), who cannot wash a dish without breaking it and therefore leaves most of them unwashed. (This is, furthermore, a housewife so impractical that she peels carrots for a stew without going to the trouble of washing them first.)

Another unsolved mystery about this film is how the hero, so well played by Mr. Finch, came to marry a malignant shrew (unflinchingly presented as such by Rosalie Crutchley) and put up with her domestic manners, which are almost as unhousewifely as those of the nonagenarian's great-granddaughter. But this may be a subtle point. It may be that antique dealers can find happiness only in houses that are cluttered up with junk and unwashed dishes and undressed babies. In the end, our hero, whom Mr. Finch has been strenuously coaxing us to like, forfeits all our sympathies by behaving as crookedly as his colleagues



"THIS FILM SETS A NOT-UNINTERESTING SITUATION, BUT IT LEAVES MANY IMPORTANT ISSUES QUITE OBSCURE": "MAKE ME AN OFFER" (BRITISH LION), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH CHARLIE (PETER FINCH), A YOUNG ANTIQUE DEALER, STARTS TO SEARCH THE ATTIC OF A COUNTRY COTTAGE FOR A UNIQUE GREEN PORTLAND VASE, HE IS WATCHED BY NICKY (ADRIENNE CORRI). (LONDON PREMIERE AT EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, ON DECEMBER 9.)



ERNEST THESIGER AS "A DROWSY NONAGENARIAN WHO, MORE THAN A GENERATION AGO, HAD BEEN A PARTY TO THE THEFT OF THE PRICELESS VASE": "MAKE ME AN OFFER," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH SIR JOHN NIGHTINGALE (ERNEST THESIGER) IS FACED BY CHARLIE (PETER FINCH) WITH THE UNIQUE GREEN WEDGWOOD PORTLAND VASE FOR WHICH NICKY (ADRIENNE CORRI; LEFT) HAS DOUBLED THE PRICE WHICH SHE ORIGINALLY ASKED FOR IT.

The general effect is to make you feel that you have not had nearly enough of Eartha Kitt, and that you are having far too much of everybody else. Several of the numbers in which she does not take part are, indeed, embarrassingly sentimental. Several young ladies aim at being devastating in exactly the way which Miss Kitt disdains, and there is an excess of Ronny Graham, who only reveals his limitations the more he insists on his virtuosity. But Mr. Graham is to be credited with some good tunes and lyrics as well, and there is a brilliant mock-serious ballet on the subject of Lizzie Borden who "took

scion. But all is well in the end, since the youth suddenly and impulsively betrays his father to the police for a substantial reward, and the prisoner is led off, shouting triumphantly: "Deep down in his heart he's rotten—he's gonna be all right!"

For a time I was slightly bemused by this sketch, because it reminded me of something even more strongly than of "Death of a Salesman." Then I suddenly realised that the reminiscence was that of a new film I had seen the same morning called "Make Me an Offer." This is a humdrum but somewhat staggering film which makes it ruthlessly

at an auction at a country house where the auctioneer himself turns out to be almost the biggest rogue of all.

To get rid of the somewhat acrid taste of this film, I paid a second visit to "New Faces," which is at least simple-hearted in its sophistication. The lesser things in it rapidly stale with repetition. But its wonder-girl improves astonishingly on re-acquaintance. One knows not what her effect on ladies may be. But she turns me—and most of my male colleagues in film criticism—into the condition of Marlowe's Faustus, for whom all is dross that is not Eartha Kitt.



(1) BLACK AND VIOLET: 6d. *Discovery*, USED BY CAPTAIN SCOTT, 1900-4, UNTIL RECENTLY ANCHORED IN THE THAMES. (2) BLACK AND BUFF: 2½d. *Penola*, USED BY BRITISH GRAHAM LAND EXPEDITION (1934-37). (3) BLACK: 9d. *Endurance*, USED BY SIR E. SHACKLETON, 1914; LOST IN WEDDELL SEA, 1915. (4) BLACK AND CERISE: 2s. *Pourquoi Pas?*, USED BY J-B. CHARCOT'S FRENCH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITIONS (1908-10). (5) BLACK AND GREY: 2s. 6d. *Français*, USED BY J-B CHARCOT (1903-5). (6) BLACK AND PALE BLUE: 10s. *Antarctic*, USED BY NORDENSKJÖLD'S SWEDISH EXPEDITION (1901-3). (7) BLACK AND PURPLE: 5s. *Scotia*, USED BY BRUCE'S SCOTTISH EXPEDITION OF 1902-4. (8) BLACK AND RED: 2d. *Eagle*, CHARTERED BY THE FALKLAND ISLANDS ADMINISTRATION, 1944-45. (9) BLACK: 1s. *Belgica*, USED BY A. DE GERLACHE DE COMERY'S BELGIAN EXPEDITION, 1897-99. (10) BLACK AND OLIVE GREEN: 1½d. *Wyatt Earp*, USED BY THE AMERICAN, LINCOLN ELLSWORTH (1935-36 AND 1938-39). (11) BLACK AND GREEN: ½d. *John Biscoe*, THE ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP, NOW USED BY THE FALKLAND ISLANDS DEPENDENCIES ADMINISTRATION. (12) BLACK AND MAGENTA: 4d. *William Scoresby*, USED BY THE FALKLAND ISLANDS BETWEEN 1926 AND 1946 AND NOW BY THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF OCEANOGRAPHY. (13) BLACK AND BROWN: 1d. *Trepassey*, USED BY THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, 1945-47. (14) BLACK AND REDDISH-BROWN: 1s. *Deutschland*, USED BY THE GERMAN EXPEDITION OF WILHELM FILCHNER (1910-12). (15) BLACK AND BLUE: 3d. *Discovery II*, A ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP USED BY THE FALKLAND ISLANDS AFTER 1929 AND NOW OWNED BY THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF OCEANOGRAPHY.

THE STORY OF ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION RECALLED IN NEW STAMPS OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS DEPENDENCIES—WHERE ARGENTINA HAS CHALLENGED BRITISH SOVEREIGNTY, AND REJECTED A RECENT BRITISH PROTEST.

On February 17 the Argentine Ministry of Marine made an ostentatious challenge to British sovereignty in the Falkland Islands Dependencies; and on February 19 the Minister of Marine, Rear-Admiral Olivieri, left Buenos Aires in the naval transport *Les Eclaireurs* for a 25-day tour of detachments maintained by his Navy in "Argentine Antarctica," otherwise the Falkland Islands Dependencies.

A British vessel, the frigate *St. Austell Bay*, was instructed to escort the Argentine vessel in British waters. A British Note of November 24 protesting against Argentine national territorial law, which mentioned the Falkland Islands and their dependencies as Argentine territory, was rejected on December 15 by the Argentine Foreign Ministry, which repeated its claim to these islands.

FROM HOME AND ABROAD: A CHRISTMAS ROUND-UP, ANIMALS, AND A STORE GUTTED BY FIRE.



IN NEW YORK: ILLUMINATED CHRISTMAS TREES IN PARK AVENUE LEND A FESTIVE AIR TO THE BUSY THOROUGHFARE. PRESIDENT EISENHOWER INAUGURATED THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY SEASON WHEN HE LIT UP A HUGE TREE IN THE PARK OPPOSITE THE WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.



RACING AGAINST TIME AND THE EVER-INCREASING MOUNTAIN OF PARCELS: SORTERS AT MOUNT PLEASANT, THE MAIN G.P.O. SORTING OFFICE IN LONDON, ABOUT TEN DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS. THE MAIL TO AND FROM THE PROVINCES IS SORTED HERE.



LETTERS FOR SANTA CLAUS: MEN OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE DROPPING LETTERS OVER THE NORTH POLE. Every year thousands of letters are posted by children addressed to "Santa Claus," but this year they were actually dropped over the North Pole by men of the U.S. Air Force, who take off each day from Burtonwood, Lancashire, on meteorological flights to the Polar regions.



AN AERIAL COWBOY: A BUSH PILOT COMPLETING A LOW PASS DESIGNED TO HERD BUFFALOES INTO THEIR CORRAL IN A RECENT ROUND-UP IN WOOD BUFFALO PARK, ON THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN ALBERTA AND THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES OF CANADA.



WELL-PACKED BUT CLEARLY NOT AN ORDINARY CHRISTMAS PARCEL: ALDERBOURNE VELLUM OF CAVERSHAM ARRIVING AT THE PEKINGESE REFORM ASSOCIATION SHOW AT BRUNSWICK HALL, VAUXHALL, LONDON, ON DECEMBER 15, IN A PLASTIC CARRYING-CASE.



FIREMEN FIGHTING SUNDERLAND'S BIGGEST FIRE OF THE CENTURY, IN WHICH JOPLINGS STORE (LEFT) WAS GUTTED. On December 14 the four-storey department store of Joplings, in the middle of Sunderland, was destroyed in the biggest local fire of this century. Damage was estimated at more than £1,000,000. One hundred firemen and twenty engines fought the fire for five hours, but there were no casualties.



WISHING CHELSEA PENSIONERS "A HAPPY CHRISTMAS" FROM QUEENSLAND: A HUGE CAKE PRESENTED TO THE PENSIONERS BY MR. D. J. MUIR (RIGHT).

At the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on December 16, a huge Christmas cake was presented to the Chelsea Pensioners by Mr. D. J. Muir, Agent-General for Queensland. Mr. Muir presented it on behalf of the Queensland Branch of the Returned Sailors', Soldiers' and Airmen's Imperial League of Australia.



"PETER PAN" TAKES TO THE AIR IN A REHEARSAL FOR THE GOLDEN JUBILEE PRODUCTION: A SCENE AT THE SCALA THEATRE ON DECEMBER 16.

This photograph, taken during a rehearsal of "Peter Pan," shows (l. to r.) John (Julian Yardley), Peter Pan (Barbara Kelly), Wendy (Dorothy Bromiley) and Michael (Colin Gibson). Scenes from the first Nigerian production of "Peter Pan" appear on page 1173 in this issue.

SHIPS, TELEVISION AND ARCHITECTURE: CURRENT NEWS FROM TWO CONTINENTS.



DESIGNED TO BE THE MOST POWERFUL ARCTIC SHIP IN EXISTENCE, EXCLUDING ICEBREAKERS: A NEW DANISH VESSEL, SEEN IN AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION, AND DUE FOR DELIVERY IN 1956. This vessel, which has been ordered from Aalborg Shipyard by the J. Lauritzen Lines, Copenhagen, and will be bigger than *Kistna Dan*, will have a dead-weight of 1800 tons, will carry up to thirty-six passengers and have "ice fins" and an "ice knife." The way to the crow's-nest is through the hollow mast.



THE TRANSFER OF A SUBMARINE FROM THE U.S. TO THE ITALIAN NAVY: THE SCENE AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, DURING THE HANDING-OVER OF THE FORMER U.S.S. *BARB*. On December 14 the U.S. submarine *Barb* (of the "Gato" class), which had distinguished service in the Pacific during the last war, was handed over, under the Mutual Assistance Pact, to the Italian Navy. The "Gato" class of submarines are of 1525 tons and carry a complement of eighty-five.



OUT AGAIN FOR A TRIAL RUN AFTER INSPECTION AND REPAIR, FOLLOWING THE DISASTER IN WHICH THREE OF HER CREW WERE LOST: THE SCARBOROUGH LIFEBOAT, WITH HER NEW CREW. As reported in our last issue, the Scarborough lifeboat overturned and righted herself on December 8 when nearing harbour and three of her crew were lost. After immediate inspection and repair, the lifeboat went out for a trial run three days later, on December 11, with a reconstituted crew.



FIGHTING THE BLIZZARD AT CAIRN O' MOUNT (1400 FT.) IN AN EFFORT TO BRING IN A VITAL LINK IN ABERDEEN'S TELEVISION SERVICE: B.B.C. ENGINEERS AT WORK. Our photograph gives some idea of the difficulties under which the B.B.C. engineers laboured to bring in the new Aberdeen television transmission service at Redmoss. Owing to a fault at a link in Kincardineshire, the service was unable to open on Dec. 14, but succeeded on Dec. 15.



THE PROGRESS OF REBUILDING IN THE TEMPLE: THE NEW INNER TEMPLE HALL, NOW CLEARED OF SCAFFOLDING AND REVEALING ITS LINES. IT STANDS ON THE SITE OF THE VICTORIAN-BUILT BUILDING WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY BOMBING.



CLAIMED AS THE FIRST ARAB-STYLE MOSQUE TO BE BUILT IN THE U.S.A.: THE NEW MOSQUE, IN MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D.C., WITH ITS 150-FT. MINARET. IT HAS BEEN BUILT WITH FUNDS CONTRIBUTED BY TWELVE MOSLEM COUNTRIES.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE been on moderately good terms with an actor during the last few days. He is quite a seasoned actor; but, though he has played various Kings and Governors in his time, he has never tried his luck with a Page. This Page, I gather, is a key part. Certainly he has a messenger-speech that my friend, for his dramatic climax, must deliver at full tilt: both of us are persuaded that it will be the core of Christmas entertainment. Still, since it is for one night only, my friend proposes magnanimously to consider other and lesser matters in the West End, and to give "a hand" to his colleagues: he feels it is only fair.

I am not sure yet what he is going to see. There is a good deal of choice, from a Palladium pantomime, "Mother Goose" (the sole West End panto), to a "Peter Pan" newly-produced at last in its fiftieth year, and to a "Toad of Toad Hall," in which Shakespeareans come up from Stratford-upon-Avon with the Milne-Grahame play that should always have been an annual.

My friend and myself are ardent supporters of the straight drama; but we do agree that at Christmas a chap likes to see a pantomime. Here I find it hard to persuade him that something seems to have gone wrong with the Christmas theatre. Stages are smaller, costumes less resplendent; the world has shrunk. And I cannot imagine, for the life of me, what has happened to the funniest comedian of all time, who flashed before the public on a December afternoon some years—several years—ago. He could hardly have been a phantom of delight seen by my eyes alone. Perhaps he injured himself that afternoon, injured himself so severely that he never acted again. I would not be surprised. He was a comedian, you must understand, with a trick of falling down. He fell from step-ladders and from a pony. Laboriously he tried to mount a non-existent horse. He fell during a bout of paper-hanging (most properly, into the paste). He fell forward and he fell backward, and whenever he did this, as they observe in another play, "mine honest neighbours shouted." I shouted, too. He was a noble fellow; and I still cannot think what he was doing in "Dick Whittington," or why we went on to the Village of Heart's Content.

once a tram terminus. I fully believe that on a given night—on a Boxing Night, I dare say—the pillars rise again, the lights are rosy under the great portico, and my favourite comedian is putting on his wig and his check trousers in a phantasmal dressing-room. I have



"A CHEERFUL MEDLEY OF GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS AND YE OLDE ENGLYSHE PANTO": "CINDERELLA ON ICE" (EMPRESS HALL, EARLS COURT), SHOWING BUTTONS (TOMMY TRINDER) TAKING A TOW ACROSS THE ICE FROM CINDERELLA (SONYA KAYE).

found no one yet who can bring me news—no one in tune with that uncanny past.

To-day, when we have lost those mighty men and their pantomimes, we have to seek new deities. I said that there was only one pantomime in the West End; but Earls Court offers "Cinderella on Ice."

My actor-friend may not get to the Empress Hall, and if he does the spectacle may puzzle him. It seems that to be a really successful figure in ice-pantomime, one must be either an expert skater or a comedian wired for sound. One pales a little at the sentence: "Because of the hazards of skating, the programme and the personnel are subject to alteration without notice." My "Dick Whittington" droll might have fumbled an Earls Court engagement: knockabout on ice can be unrewarding.

Dramatically, this latest "Cinderella" does not mean much. Even a ringside seat looks curiously remote. It is not always easy to connect the dialogue that booms away in the empyrean with the figures that skim, bladed,

over the great frozen sheet before us. I do not think I have ever cared less whether Cinderella went to the Ball or not; and that is painfully wrong. My younger self, fixed into a tight collar like a Chinese cangue, came up through the mists to assure me, in a thin treble, that Cinderella was every-one's concern, and that I had grown flinty-hearted.

Maybe; but the brat never saw Cinderella on ice: he met her first in a gold-and-green theatre that was a warm, blissful cave, mirrors glittering on its walls, the packed circles rising to some mysterious smoky sky, and upon the stage—almost, it looked, within reach—the shining figures of legend. No need, then, to peer like a penguin on the rim of an ice-floe towards a distant Princess of the Arctic. I doubt whether he would have held that Tommy Trinder's Buttons really warmed the ice. The dear fellow did his best to be intimate; but while Buttons was eating crisps with Cinderella, over in that oddly-sited kitchen, I could not help remembering the Ancient Mariner's

The ice was here; the ice was there,
The ice was all around . . .

and feeling curiously cold, baffled, and out of touch.

Still, my younger self would have applauded the pictorial effects, as I did; the charming incongruity of an eighteenth-century ballroom based on a skating-rink; the sudden, irrelevant game of chess ("Alice" will be on before long, I am sure), when lights marked out for us a vast board in the middle of the floe, and the living pieces solemnly paraded; and those other moments when the ice turned to a melancholy undersea green, or flashed with darting coral and gold and scarlet. It was good to see the Hunt as it whirled and skimmed—though I am not sure what they might think about it in the Shires—and we had no complaints when a jester flicked his hand towards the cloud-capped towers at one end of the hall, and the castle windows sprang into light. Splendid; yet all of this was remote from the Cinderella we used to know, and I could hardly recognise her even when, as the Princess Crystal, she was driven to the Ball in that shimmering, glinting, prismatic dazzle of a coach.

Never mind: this is the new style: we must skate with the times. Possibly we shall be invited one day to pantomimes on the moon, and a service of space-ships will leave every five minutes for the Lunar Theatre: "Cinderella in the Crater," no doubt. Meanwhile, this Christmas we remain firmly on earth and ice. Upon London's outer circle, and in the provinces, the old-style pantomimes run on as happily as ever. Research might bring something that looks and sounds like my old "Dick Whittington."

I wish, by the way, that somebody, for the fun of it, would revive a Ben Jonson masque one Christmas. Nothing academic about Ben in this mood. I have been reading again, with delight, of "Christmas, His Masque," in which Captain Christmas, as a Londoner with ten sons and daughters (including Mince-Pie, Wassail and Carol), turns up at Whitehall to "bring you a masque from little, little, little, little London." My actor-friend, though interested



"SHAKESPEAREANS COME UP FROM STRATFORD-UPON-AVON WITH THE MILNE-GRAHAME PLAY THAT SHOULD ALWAYS HAVE BEEN AN ANNUAL": "TOAD OF TOAD HALL" (PRINCES THEATRE)—A SCENE SHOWING TOAD'S NEW CANARY-COLOURED CARAVAN AND (L. TO R.) MOLE (EDWARD ATIENZA), TOAD (LEO MCKERN), RATTY (WILLIAM SQUIRE), AND ALFRED THE HORSE (PLAYED BY TWO AUSTRALIANS).

It was, I believe, in (or over) this village that we saw the moon: a superb moon, so silver-radiant that I tried very hard later to reproduce it in water-colour on pasteboard. The real moon—"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair," quoted my pedantic uncle—was a mere pretender in the skies. That was a pantomime of pantomimes; and yet I find it impossible to bring home to my friend just how magnificent it was, how incomparably lustrous, dazzling, triumphant, any epithet you like except the horrific "colourful." I prize that pantomime, further, because I saw it in the theatre where Jeremy, of Q's "The Ship of Stars," saw his: a place, holy and enchanted, where now a cinema broods by what was



THE FIRST TIME THAT THIS PLAY HAS BEEN SEEN IN LONDON SINCE 1934: "TOAD OF TOAD HALL," PLAYED BY FORTY ACTORS AND ACTRESSES FROM THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PRODUCTION BY JOHN KIDD, WITH ROSALIND ATKINSON AS NURSE AND ZENA WALKER AS MARIGOLD.

when I told him of this and read aloud the passage in Marchette Chute's book, intimated that it was no time to worry about plays done in 1616, about a "Dick Whittington" produced—so his look seemed to say—in the years of primitive man, or even about last night's bonfire on the ice. On the other hand, it was high time for me to hear his part again—he could examine the London stage, in all its aspects, later.

So, for the fiftieth time, I gave the cue, "You met the army," and waited for the Page's joyful response, "I met an army. Sire. It was rough going on the moor . . ." Yes, that will certainly be a night: I am sorry there is only one performance.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"CINDERELLA ON ICE" (Empress Hall, Earls Court).—Ice pantomime is pictorial and remote. Tommy Trinder, the Buttons, cannot have had to fight harder to project himself. Still, as a fantastic and elaborate spectacle on a skating-rink, this "Cinderella" is a cheerful medley of Greenland's icy mountains and Ye Olde Englyshe Panto. I wonder what Charles Perrault, who wrote the original "Cinderella," would make of it all? (December 2; seen December 6.)

THE FIRST NIGERIAN PRODUCTION OF "PETER PAN": SCENES FROM A STUDENTS' PERFORMANCE IN LAGOS.



IN THE NURSERY: MR. AND MRS. DARLING SAY "GOOD-NIGHT" TO WENDY AND THE BOYS BEFORE TAKING THE NURSE-DOG NANA (LEFT) TO HER KENNEL.



ENLISTING WENDY'S HELP: PETER PAN, WHO HAS FOUND HIS SHADOW IN A DRAWER, ASKS WENDY TO SEW IT ON FOR HIM.



ON THE PIRATE SHIP: PETER PAN HAS A SWORD DUEL WITH CAPTAIN HOOK, AND THE LOST BOYS PREPARE TO FIGHT THE PIRATES.



CAPTAIN HOOK AND STARKEY ARE FRIGHTENED BY THE CROCODILE: THIS SCENE WAS SO REALISTIC THAT SOME SMALL MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE FLED.



GOOD-BYE TO PETER PAN: WENDY, JOHN AND MICHAEL WATCH FROM THE NURSERY WINDOW AS PETER RETURNS TO NEVER-NEVER LAND.



MR. AND MRS. DARLING (LEFT) DECIDE TO ADOPT THE LOST BOYS AFTER WENDY, JOHN AND MICHAEL HAVE RETURNED HOME SAFELY.

Barrie's "Peter Pan" is particularly in the news this Christmas, for in London the production which was due to open at the Scala Theatre on December 23 marks the start of a special Golden Jubilee season. Since December 27, 1904, when "Peter Pan" was first produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, it has become known throughout the world, but a performance given earlier this year by students of Queen's College, Lagos, was probably the first to be produced with a coloured cast. Permission for two performances was willingly granted by Mr. H. F. Rutherford, the House Governor of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick

Children, the hospital to which Barrie, during his lifetime, gave the royalties of "Peter Pan." The photographs on this page show some of the scenes from the Nigerian production, in which the part of Peter was played by Betty Obaseki, and that of Wendy by Irene Ogedegbe. In a letter of appreciation which Peter and Wendy sent to Mr. Rutherford they said: "The crocodile was so realistic that some of the small children ran out of the hall and had to be coaxed back again. We all felt very proud to be the first people to present this lovely children's play in Nigeria. We enjoyed acting in it very much. . . ."

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE is great novelty and freshness in the past; I mean the actual past, not that of the historical novel, which remains illusory. Therefore, we are in luck that so many distinguished writers, in different quarters of the globe, have lain perdu such a long time. Now they are coming home to us, in little flocks. Here, for example, is "The Relic," by Eça de Queiroz (Reinhardt; 12s. 6d.)—"Victorian," to call it so, and Portuguese, and most refreshingly out of this world. For those who like to be certified of reading a good book, there is assurance that it has been compared to Flaubert and Stendhal. Yet those who find this outlook (or, at least, half of it) a trifle grim have no real need to be put off. I can just see the ground of the comparison; but I should say that the resemblance is non-existent.

The "hero," Theodorico Raposo, is looking back, in thriving and sedate old age, on the supreme event of his life, which was a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Not that the young Raposo is an elect soul—very far from it. He has an aunt, however, which comes atrociously to the same thing. For Dona Patrocínio das Neves, that horrible old woman in black, with the green face and the dark glasses, consists exclusively of devotional exercises and detestation of the flesh. Not merely of its sins: even an honest wooing, an unexceptionable baby, fills her with transports of revulsion. And when the orphan Theodorico first came to her, at seven years old, it was dinned into him that "he must always say 'yes' to Auntie." As he is perfectly effete, early intoxicated with his "strong black beard," and the unflinching prey of every white-skinned apparition, this is a cruel necessity. But he says yes—while stealing every chance to do the opposite. One overt lapse, and Auntie would throw him into the street. And further, "Auntie is so rich..." Yet it appears at length that his unwavering servility has been too passive. Piety may scoop the lot—unless he learns to figure as religion incarnate.

Henceforth his act is violently stepped up. But it is Auntie who commands the pilgrimage, while Theodorico has but one thought—"What a tremendous bore!" Jerusalem!... Where is Jerusalem?... "Heavens, how distant, desolate and sad!" Then comes the memory that there are other countries *en route*, full of harems and roses. . . . "Caramba, I shall have the devil of a time!"

Also, he will bring Auntie back a relic, so potent, so astounding as to seal his future. Which is precisely what happens, though not at all according to plan. But the great wonder of the journey is a dream—in which he sees the Crucifixion, and, in a sense, the Resurrection too, with his own eyes. This grand experience, taken with the disaster of the relic, purges him of all faith—for he had never been anything so reflective as an unbeliever—and also deconverts him from hypocrisy.

Strangely, the long-drawn splendour of the "vision" is no discord. And altogether, it is a rich, amusing story—beautifully translated by Mr. Aubrey Bell.

OTHER FICTION.

"Pictures from an Institution," by Randall Jarrell (Faber; 12s. 6d.), has its decided category; it is an American academic novel, of the highest caste. Its "institution" is the girls' college of Benton: very expensive, too progressive to be true, and, all unconsciously, deep in its second childhood, as a provincial backwater of Eden. The "pictures" of its faculty and their goings-on are by an alien, incidental colleague. And he has both a devastating aide and a contrasting target in the novelist Gertrude Johnson—*pro tem.* its teacher of "creative writing"—who is a mouse in looks, a wolverine in spirit. "Gertrude's bark was her bite; and many a bite has lain awake all night longing to be Gertrude's bark. . . ."

However, this novel is so cram-full of quotations that I mustn't start. As for the drawbacks—it is impossible to be witty all the time without a few false notes, or to be subtlety itself (not to say cultured *in excelsis*) without occasionally overdoing it. These are generic snags; but this immediate specimen outsoars its kind. First, it is out of sight the funniest. And not merely in subtle ways; one of its favoured gambits is a riotous hyperbole. Take the good, scarecrow Mrs. Whittaker, with her tweed skirts and sweater-sets—"The skirt looked as if a horse had left her its second-best blanket; the sweaters looked as if an old buffalo, sitting by a fire of peat, had knitted them for her from its coat of the winter before." The account of Gertrude's dinner-party, or of Art Night at the college (only by way of example), would make a cat laugh. Yet this is by no means the whole story; and the glowing excerpts from American reviews do it much less than justice. They all harp on the author's "wickedness," his "damnable" cleverness, his "savagery of insight," how he has "flayed a collegeful of people"—as though he were another Gertrude. Whereas, in fact, he is a poet and a man of sympathy.

It is a kind of joke that "Love of Seven Dolls," by Paul Gallico (Michael Joseph; 6s.), should have appeared in the same world. Yet one can hardly tell which is superior—for what it is. Or, rather, I suppose the palm goes to the little one, which has no flaw that I can see (for what it is), and which, with great submission, I should judge to be the author's masterpiece. A half-starved waif (aged twenty-two, however; not too young for a love-interest) is about to throw herself into the Seine, when she is accosted by a red-haired doll in a puppet-booth. This is young Carrot Top, of "Capitaine Coq et Sa Famille"; and after a nice public chat and a preliminary sing-song, he and his pals ask her to join them. To Mouche, they are the same as people—for where she comes from (Brittany) such things can be. And the new act is a smash-hit. If it were not for "Capitaine Coq" . . . hard, mocking, cruel. . . . Well, you can see the possibilities.

"Destination Unknown," by Agatha Christie (Collins; 10s. 6d.), gives us a thriller, this time—about a disappearing scientist. Betterton's wife has just been ordered to Morocco, to "recuperate." She may lead straight to Betterton . . . but then events forbid, and, in dramatic circumstances, Hilary Craven, equally red-haired, is induced to take over. This is an ancient but good line: the brave impersonator, setting forth to contact she knows not whom. Nor is the "secret" as banal as you may think.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

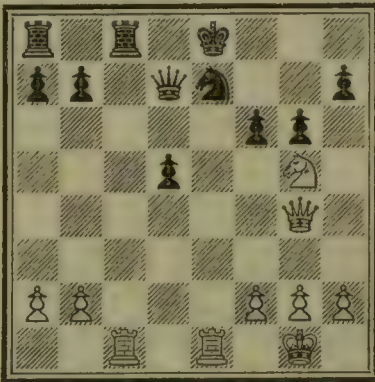
C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S, to those under the queer spell of chess, means H-a-s-t-i-n-g-s. For the thirtieth year, we shall congregate there (170 of us) in a few days' time. Four Russian masters are expected, their identities still undisclosed as we go to press; with our own Alexander, Phillips and Fairhurst, Germany's Unzicker, Holland's Donner, Hungary's Szabo, Yugoslavia's Fuderer and Czechoslovakia's Pachman, they will vie for supremacy in the strongest contest since the war.

Here is a lovely game played by the then veteran ex-World-Champion W. Steinitz in the very first round of the very first of the Hastings Chess Tournaments, August 5, 1895:

GIUOCO PIANO.

White	Black	White	Black
W.	C. VON	W.	C. VON
STEINITZ	BARDELEBEN	STEINITZ	BARDELEBEN
1. P-K4	P-K4	12. Kt×B	Q×Kt
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	13. B×B	Kt×B
3. B-B4	B-B4	14. R-K1	P-KB3
4. P-B3	Kt-B3	15. Q-K2	Q-Q2
5. P-Q4	P×P	16. QR-B1	P-B3?
6. P×P	B-Kt5ch	17. P-Q5	P×P
7. Kt-B3	P-Q4	18. Kt-Q4	K-B2
8. P×P	KKt×P	19. Kt-K6	KR-QB1
9. Castles	B-K3	20. Q-Kt4	P-KKt3
10. B-KKt5	B-K2	21. Kt-Kt5ch	K-K1
11. B×Kt	B×KB		

He must of course protect his queen.



22. R×Ktch! K-B1

Because 22... Q×R would fail against 23. R×Rch, and 22... K×R against 23. R-Krch, K-Q1 (he must keep his queen protected!); 24. Kt-K6ch, K-K1 (or K2); 25. Kt-B5 disch winning the queen. If white were to take the queen now, he would be mated. Now follows a strange series of moves.

23. R-KB7ch K-Kt1 24. R-Kt7ch K-R1

If the queen captures the obstreperous rook there comes R×Rch; whereas if the king takes it, White can answer Q×Q with check.

25. R×Pch

At this stage, Von Bardeleben rose from the board and was not seen for several hours. His departure was interpreted as a resignation whose appropriateness Steinitz happily expounded to the spectators in the following train of moves, all forced:

	25. K-Kt1	31. Q-Kt8ch	K-K2
26. R-Kt7ch	K-R1	32. Q-B7ch	K-Q1
27. Q-R4ch	K×R	33. Q-B8ch	Q-K1
28. Q-R7ch	K-B1	34. Kt-B7ch	K-Q2
29. Q-R8ch	K-K2	35. Q-Q6 mate	
30. Q-Kt7ch	K-K1		

Fourteen successive checks by White, culminating in mate, when he himself is threatened with mate throughout!

After such a kick-off, is it any wonder that the Hastings Chess Congress should have become an institution of world-wide fame?

Blütpériode of the English ballet in the decade which covered the 1830's and 1840's. In those days Fanny Elssler, Fanny Cerrito and the immortal Taglioni held their sway over a Europe which was perhaps more ballet-conscious than it has been until our time.

It was a period of advance and experiment. The weight of the female ballet dancer's costume until the end of the eighteenth century greatly restricted her movements. The disappearance of the more encumbering garments opened up an entirely new period for both the dancer and the choreographer. Indeed, according to the observers of the time, the ballet costume of the period went, in the '20's, from one extreme to the other, so that a somewhat severe critic could note that there was a serious criticism of the "eternal pirouettes" of ballerinas "turning round on one leg and putting their limbs into all sorts of the most disagreeable, inelegant, and indecent contortions possible." A delightful and, from the point of view either of the general reader or of the balletomane, an important book.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

CRISES, CRIMES AND ROMANTIC BALLET.

I MUST confess that Viscount Templewood, better known for so many years as Sir Samuel Hoare, has never been one of my favourite statesmen. Yet I found his book of memoirs, "Nine Troubled Years" (Collins; 25s.), both fascinating and satisfying. Lord Templewood has a prose style which, for clarity and restrained elegance, might well be emulated by many professional writers. The "nine troubled years" to which he refers are the nine years which elapsed from the time when Sir Samuel joined the National Government in the great crisis, to the moment when he left that Government to go as Ambassador to Madrid, on Sir Winston Churchill's assuming the premiership in 1940. They thus cover a period of previously unexamined turbulence in world affairs. Lord Templewood makes those of us, who were of an age to remember, relive this period of crisis succeeding crisis, and makes us see it through the eyes of one of the principal actors.

While, contrary to his own belief, I do not consider that his period *en poste* at our Embassy in Madrid was highly successful, nevertheless, without special pleading and without eloquence of any sort, he makes out an excellent case for the "Men of Munich." I believed at the time, and Sir Samuel confirms me in that belief, that the Hoare-Laval plan, over which he is rightly impenitent, represented the last chance of maintaining the Stresa Front and containing Hitler. In the same way, Munich, shameful as it now appears in retrospect, was quite inevitable at the time. I happened to know, during that critical week, of the telegram sent by Sir Eric Phipps to Lord Halifax, which appears on page 310, in which our Ambassador declared categorically that "All that is best in France is against war." Munich was not only inevitable, but ultimately valuable, in that it gave us a precious breathing-space in which to prepare. Indeed, my criticism of Neville Chamberlain is not that he concluded the Munich Pact, not that rearmament in the period between Munich and the outbreak of the war had to be pushed on discreetly (for fear of precipitating a Hitler "preventive war"), but that once war was declared he did not gear the nation to the realities of the desperate conflict that was to come. One footnote to history which interested me exceedingly was Lord Templewood's description of his resignation speech in the House of Commons. (Incidentally, how shockingly Baldwin comes out of the story!) I happened to be present on that occasion and, in common with all other observers of that dramatic occasion, was moved, as we thought Sir Samuel was, by the circumstances of his downfall. I find a note in my diary that Sir Samuel was overcome with emotion at the end of his speech and shielded his eyes with his hand. That was the impression we all had. This is his account. "Towards the end of my detailed argument I began to feel exhausted. I lasted out, however, until I sat down, when I felt a sudden shoot of pain in my broken nose. Instinctively I put up my hand to stop it. This trivial action started the story that I had broken down in tears at the end of my speech. I never felt less like tears. I was certain that I had done my best for European peace, and that the circumstances had been too strong for me." Splendid—and a most valuable book!

If one wants *real* hokum, I recommend the life of Peter Cheyney, by Michael Harrison, published under the title "Peter Cheyney—Prince of Hokum" (Spearman; 16s.). I knew, though did not particularly like, Mr. Cheyney, but there is no doubt that he was one of the more remarkably absurd (or absurdly remarkable) figures in the London scene of his time. He was the son of a Cockney fish salesman and a Cockney corset-maker, and was born in Whitechapel. By the end of his life (he only started writing novels after the age of forty), he had created an aura of mystery round himself to which it would have needed one of his own novels to do full justice. Like the author of "No Orchids for Miss Blandish" (who had not, I believe, ever crossed the Atlantic when he achieved that immense success), Peter Cheyney's "tough guy" characters were figments of his fertile imagination. Nevertheless, he gave a great deal of pleasure in his lifetime: 2,650,000 copies of his books were sold in the last year of his life—and he seems, from this amusing and sympathetic biography, to have had a rumbustious charm which, perhaps, was not apparent on slight acquaintance.

A neighbour of mine has a charming series of nineteenth-century paintings from the ballet. I see several of these plates reproduced in a wholly delightful book, "The Romantic Ballet in England," by Ivor Guest (Phoenix; 25s.). Were they, one asks oneself, all as doe-eyed and tiny-footed as these reproductions would lead one to think? If so, one can forgive one's father, grandfather and great-grandfather the palpitations and the bouquets at the stage-door which were *de rigueur* with the fashionable young men of that time. Take, for instance, La Duvernay, who appeared in 1836 at the King's Theatre, of whom a contemporary wrote: "She danced like a fairy, the incorporation of a zephyr, and died as a sylph should die, her tiny wings dropping from their place, her gentle form bending like a reed, and her whole frame not struggling but fainting into death." There is no doubt that there was a tremendous

FOR YOUR DELIGHT IN THE NEW YEAR: OUR REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.



MR. FRANK DAVIS.
"A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS."



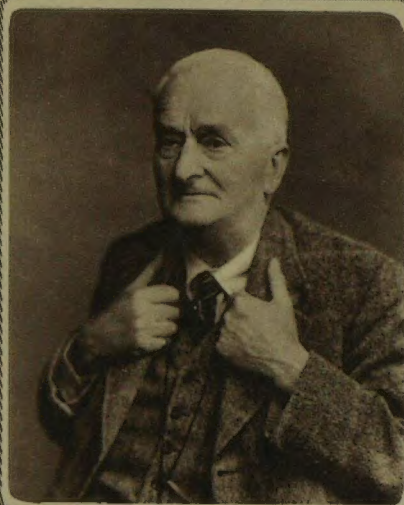
MR. J. C. TREWIN.
"THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE."



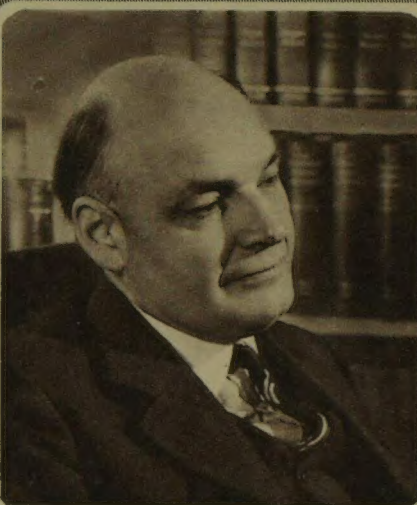
DR. MAURICE BURTON.
"THE WORLD OF SCIENCE."



MR. ALAN DENT.
"THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA."



MR. CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.
"IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN."



SIR ARTHUR BRYANT, C.B.E.
"OUR NOTE BOOK."



SIR JOHN SQUIRE.
AN APPRECIATION OF THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.



CAPTAIN CYRIL FALLS.
"A WINDOW ON THE WORLD."



MR. ALAN SORRELL.
KNOWN FOR HIS ARCHÆOLOGICAL DRAWINGS.



CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.
KNOWN FOR HIS ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.



MR. GEORGE DAVIS.
OUR DIAGRAMMATIC ARTIST.



MR. NEAVE PARKER.
OUR NATURAL HISTORY ARTIST.

ONCE again we take great pleasure in introducing our regular contributors to our readers, although to many they need no introduction, except, perhaps, our four Special Artists, whose portraits we did not include last year. Mr. G. H. Davis, with his famous diagrammatic drawings, renders the solution of the most complicated problem easy; and as a marine artist he is unsurpassed in the careful drawings of cross-sections of ships. Captain Bryan de Grineau's on-the-spot sketches of historic and moving events, or his reproduction of the architectural beauties of some of our most famous schools, in addition to many sketches brought home from abroad, are well known. In portraying prehistoric animal life or in showing us in picture form the



MR. E. D. O'BRIEN.
"BOOKS OF THE DAY."



MRS. ROMILLY JOHN.
"NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER."



MR. BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.
"CHESS NOTES."

wonders of wild life, Mr. Neave Parker is equally at home. Finally, Mr. Alan Sorrell's fascinating archæological drawings, such as that of a reconstruction of the Mithras Temple, are worth the attention of every antiquarian. Our policy always has been one of strict neutrality, and our concern has been to impart

information accurately and graphically, vividly yet with dignity. Each week the eminent historian and man of letters, Sir Arthur Bryant, who was knighted this year, comments freely on the world as it goes by. Sir John Squire, famous critic, poet, wit and essayist, writes a weekly appreciation of a notable newly-published book.

Photograph of Sir Arthur Bryant by Angus McBean; other photographs by Walter Stoneman.

Captain Cyril Falls reports on world and military affairs in a way which has earned him the respect of experts throughout the world. Dr. Maurice Burton's articles on Natural History subjects indeed prove the truth of the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." Mr. Clarence Elliott's gardening feature, "In an English Garden," and Mr. Frank Davis' "A Page for Collectors," have attained a great following. Mr. Baruch H. Wood sets obstinate chess problems and gives chess enthusiasts the benefit of his great knowledge. Lastly, there is the team of critics—Mr. J. C. Trewin, Theatre; Mr. Alan Dent, Cinema; Mr. E. D. O'Brien and "K. John" (Mrs. Romilly John), Literature—all of whom express lively opinions full of wit, style and panache.

"King George IV"

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY



"The
Top Notch
of
Scotch"

Maximum Retail Prices as fixed by The Scotch Whisky Association. Bottles 35/-. Half Bottles 18/3. Quarter Bottles 9/6. Miniature Bottles 3/8.

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LIMITED • EDINBURGH

4754 E



Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by
Horrockses
the Greatest Name in Cotton

AROSA

GRISONS SWITZERLAND 6,000 FT.

IN JANUARY

the Arosa hotels quote specially advantageous prices. For the same money visitors get better rooms, or can stay longer. Reduced terms for the Arosa ski-ing school. More careful and personal service. Certainty of snow and the proverbial Arosa sunshine. Famous Arosa amusements programme. A lot of interesting events:

4th, 19th, 23rd and 30th: Ice Hockey Swiss Championship.
8th — 9th: Ski-ing: Downhill and Slalom.
14th — 16th: Curling Championship.
16th and 23rd: Horse races on the Obersee.
Ideal ski-grounds, 4 ski-lifts, ski-jump, slalom standard run, largest ski-school (40 teachers), new stadium (800 seats), 4 ice-rinks, curling-rinks.

	7 days all incl.*	min. Fr.	max. Fr.
Tschuggen Grandhotel ...	180	192	306
Excelsior ...	100	192	306
Hof Maran (new house) }	100	192	306
Hof Maran (old house) }	100	176.50	265
Arosa Kulm ...	170	192	306
Des Alpes ...	60	176.50	265
Eden ...	80	176.50	265
Seehof ...	110	176.50	265
Valsana ...	100	176.50	265
Alexandra Golfhotel ...	90	169	242
Bellevue ...	110	169	242
Berghotel Prättschli ...	80	169	242
Raetia ...	90	169	242
Hohenfels ...	80	169	242
Post- und Sporthotel ...	70	169	242
Rothorn-Savoy ...	100	152	242
Alpensonne ...	50	143.50	210
Suvretta ...	40	143.50	210
Belvédère-Terrasse ...	65	143.50	210
Tanneck ...		126.50	173
Merkur ...	40	143.50	210
Surlej ...	40	143.50	210
Streiff-Juventas ...	50	143.50	210
Anita ...	40	140	190
Berghus ...	40	140	190
Touring ...	30	136	180
Gentiana ...	30	136	180
Hubelsee garni** ...	35	70	98

Kursaal-Casino with jeu de la boule
*Room (without bath), heating, three meals, all tips and taxes.

**Cont. breakf., tips, taxes.
Apply to hotels and all Agencies.

THE ONE AND ONLY Bénédictine



B and B Liqueur
BÉNÉDICTINE CACHET OR
Bénédictine blended with
Cognac Brandy

Bottled & matured at Fecamp
thus ensuring perfect uniformity
and unsurpassed quality

La Grande Liqueur Française



OVERSEAS
SHIPPING

When calling at these Canadian Ports
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND
HALIFAX, N.S.—SAINT JOHN, N.B.
QUEBEC and MONTREAL, QUE.
VANCOUVER and VICTORIA, B.C.

"EXPORT"
CIGARETTES

at competitive prices "In Bond" for
passenger and crew use.

MACDONALD'S—SINCE 1858

Visiting
London?

600 SELF-CONTAINED
SERVICE APARTMENTS.

Each with own Bathroom and
Kitchen with Fridge., Maid
Service, etc. One room,
two rooms or suite. In
the heart of London.
Comfortable, conven-
ient, inexpensive. From £1.17.6
per day. Write
for brochure,
or 'phone
AMB 7733



PARK WEST
MARBLE ARCH • LONDON

THE LANGUAGE OF THE FAN

Cussons

FOURTH OF SERIES



THE MESSAGE "I love you" in the language of the fan is conveyed by drawing the fan across the cheek. This is a modern Carnival Fan in black Chantilly lace with mask inset.

The mount is of ebony with figures of ivory and ebony on the panaches. Colour photo by courtesy of J. Duveleroy, reproduced for your pleasure by the makers of

Cussons
IMPERIAL LEATHER

TOILET SOAP



**LUXURY
THAT LASTS**

Booklet "The Language of the Fan" available on request to
CUSSENS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W1

SHELLGUIDE to *DECEMBER* lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



IN DEAD, naked December the evergreens are especially revealed—the living darkness of (1) *Yew Trees*, and the glossy leaves of the (2) *Box*, truly wild on a few chalk or limestone escarpments as at Boxhill in Surrey or Boxwell in Gloucestershire. Eminent above all are the three berried plants of Christmas, (3) *Holly*, (4) *Ivy* and (5) *Mistletoe*.

Time out of mind these three were thought to give protection against evil. Two thousand years ago Pliny wrote that Holly near the house would repel witches. All over Europe the strange pale green Mistletoe has been used in the same way. Circlets of Ivy kept demons and witches away from cattle and the milk. English countrymen thought milk was extra good against whooping cough when children drank it from cups of holly or ivy. Holly, often called 'Christmas' or 'Christ's Thorn', stood for life in death. On the day of the birth of Christ its prickly leaves symbolised the Crown of Thorns and its red berries the drops of Christ's blood.

You can be sure of



THE KEY TO THE
COUNTRYSIDE